FAVORITE CHARACTERIZATIONS of Elías Day

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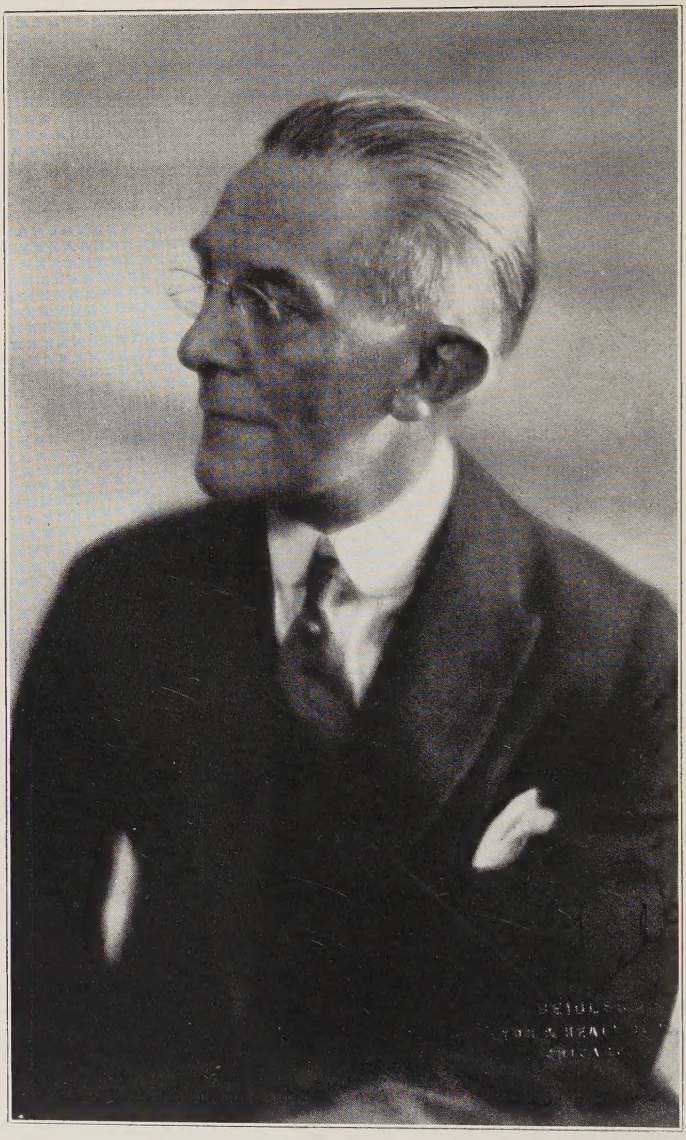

ELIAS DAY
The Original Characterist

Favorite Characterizations of Elias Day

READINGS
MONOLOGUES
SKETCHES

MEANS & MCLEAN
Publishers
CHICAGO, ILL.

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By
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Favorite Characterizations
of
Elias Day

Made in U. S. A.

Dedicated to the many
pupils and admirers of
ELIAS DAY
the Original Characterist.

ELIAS DAY

(*A Tribute*)

Blessings on you, Elias Day. Blessings on your round head that houses the clever brain. Blessings on your face, thickening with wrinkles of its own by reason of much honest laughter and much more through making other people's faces wrinkle. Blessings on your merry eyes that twinkle and gleam and quiz and tease. Blessings on the twists of the nose that can be as much negro as Scandinavian, as much plebian as aristocratic. Blessings on that mouth of yours, which smirks for a hypocrite as easily as it quivers for a saint, that writhes for the citizens of many nations, that circles for children's laughter and curves for righteous protest, that grins in bald fun and whitens with emotion. Blessings on the voice that has as many tones as a stringed instrument, the breath of a whisper, the sigh of the pines, the squeak of an animal, the plea of a prisoner, the wail of a penitent or the whine of a coward. Blessings on your busy arms with their ceaseless motion. Blessings on the restless figures that talk broken French or Italian or Yiddish with ten tongues at once. Blessings on the body which bends from a southern aristocrat's stately bow into an ignorant school trustee's hitching gait without a flutter. Blessings on the lithe legs that steady a swaying body or caper nimbly across a stage in ecstasy of dance of Carlotta's impulsive new father. Blessings for the easy manners, so simple they seem to be natural until they touch ports far distant from the present. Blessings on the teaching fervor which loves its art so well it craves that others may also strive for

expression. Blessings on the creative desire which allows imagination to lead and suggest meanings. Blessings on ambition which prevents stagnation and insists on more and more development, new modes, new moods, new forms. Blessings on the genial nature that knows the difference between intimacy and friendship and keeps the circle about it a widening one of clear-eyed beauty. Blessings on the taste for the honestly human in thought and literature, that can see values in humble things. Blessings on the judgment that can balance and contrast and discern, can care for sentiment and belittle sentimentality, avoid the extremes of banality and exclusiveness. Blessings on the fineness of grain that seeks to minister while it entertains. Blessings on the study that makes each detail distinctly, importantly itself. Blessings on the quizzical bent which can laugh without hurting, can joke without sarcasm, can hint without commanding, can instruct without patronizing. Blessings on the recognized urge that will not let you rest from trying to reach our better nature through our diversions and which leaves us somehow more near our genuine selves when you come our way with your quip and prank and joke and story. Blessings on you for playing on our foibles and weaknesses and good parts and hopes and desires—even our secret longings. But most of all, blessings for the kind heart behind the mask of it all which seeks to make the time, the day, the hour, the minute truer and happier for your being here and which has gone on these many years helping us meet what we have had to more bravely because you did your part. Blessings on you, you blamed old rascal, for forcing us to stop and laugh when you want to and making us cry when we don't want to. Long hours of work ahead for you!

(*By Albert Cotsworth, of Music News.*)

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Elias Day is the author of all of the above selections, with the single exception of "The Footsteps Die Out Forever."

DA SHOOP SCOVEL

(*The Swede*)

The impersonator should use in giving this sketch, a lax, shambling posture, hands hanging awkwardly at the sides, with few gestures and these only illustrative. The face blank and almost expressionless. The voice a monotonous sing song with a rising inflection. It is manifestly impossible to give the exact pronunciation altho I have tried to spell the dialect as near as the limitations of the English orthography will permit.

The fun in this sketch comes in the earnestness with which Lars tells his adventure, his attempts to describe a lumber shute and to recall the name of a scoop shovel. These attempts can be carried on ad lib. It is a sketch with a double climax; after the first climax the teller must wait for the laugh to subside and then tell the last in a disgusted way. This sketch has been one of my greatest successes.

The sketch was suggested by a very short story of not more than half a page in Bill Nye's book written more than thirty years ago and not told in dialect. I feel sure that if Mr. Nye were living he would forgive me for stealing his climax which is the resemblance it has to the original published in his book called "Baled Hay."

—E. D.

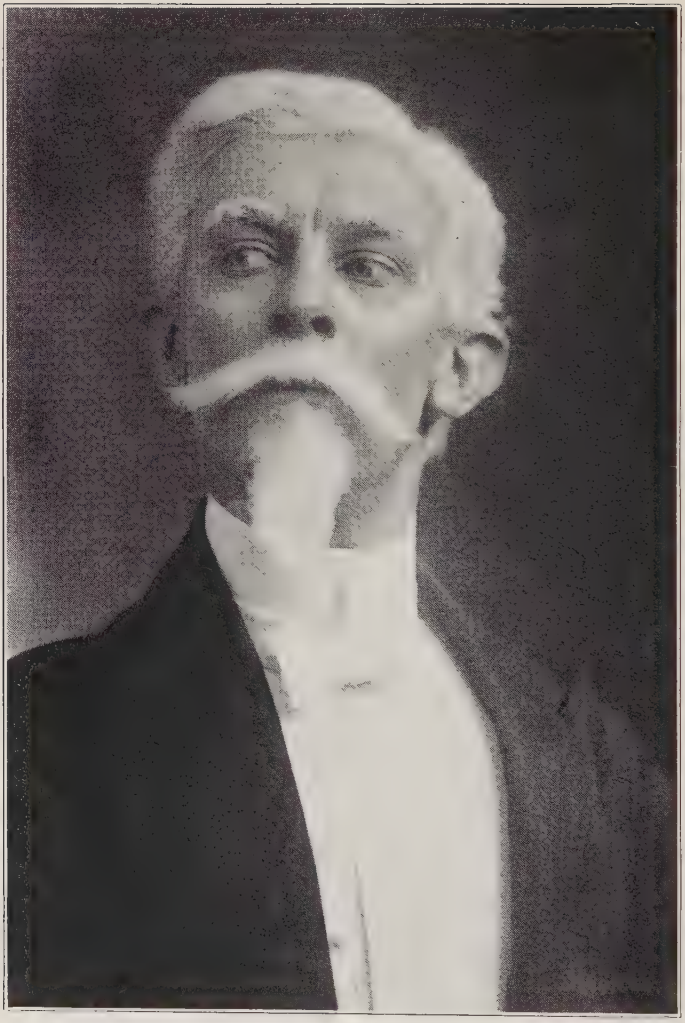
I'm yust goin' ta tell yah, das Axel Lundgren har ban bigest fule I har ever know. He's alvays gattin' me into trouble. I tank de bigest trouble he har ever got me into vas ven ve first come to dis country. Ve har ban lumber yack in lumber camp in Organ and ve har ban dar about fanf or sax veek

an' da boss come to me an' say, "Lars, ay tank you an' Axel skall take gun an' go on top of Moun—tn an' shoot deer for fresh meat fer da camp." Wall, har are da reewer, an' on da bank of da reewer is da lumber camp, an' yust behin' da camp har ban great beeg high moun—tn. She's almost mile oop in da air an' cowered all ower wid rock 'n stone 'n log 'n stump—'n ting like dat. Yust as ve har startin' to clime ay says, "Axel, look! dar goes deer! shoot 'im quvick!!" 'N Axel says, "No Lars, da boss says to shoot 'im on top da moun—tn." Den ven I'm tallin' vat ay tank of 'im, da deer got vay an' ve got ta clime all da vay oop. Dat har ban da vorst clime ay har ewer made an' ve got to da top ve valk more as sewen mile an' den ay says, "Axel, yust behin' dat tree dar har ban nonder deer; now you shoot 'im, or, by yaminy, ay shoot you!" Val, he take aim an' bang!! He shoot da deer. Das a great beeg fallar an' ve tie his lag togedder an' put him on pole an' carry him all da vay back to vere ve clime oop an' I'm lookin' down to camp an' ay'm tallin' you shes ban tvise so high down as shes ban far oop. Ay says ta Axel, "How ve goin' ta gat down dar?" An' he says, "Ay don' know, ay'm so tired, les' roll down!" An ay says, "No sir, ay got use fer my neck yat." An' he says, "If ve stay har, ve freeze ta det." An' ay says, "If ve go down dar ve break our nack an' ay'm look batter ven ay'm freeze ta det dan ven ay gat my nack broke." Ve don't know vot vere goin' ta do an' ay'm lookin' troo da trees an' vat you tink ay see? Ay see old lumber shoot. You kno vat it is a lumber shoot? No? dan ay tal you vat it is a lumber shoot. A lumber shoot is a—isa—a—(*he tries to illustrate with gestures*), itsa—its

a— it starts at da top of da moun—tn—(*more gestures and scratching of head and at last comes the happy solution*). It's a place vere you shoot da lumber (*with a self-satisfied air*). Now you know what it is a lumber shoot. I says to Axel "Look, Axel, dere's ban an ol' lumber shoot!" An' he says, "By yaminy! ay har got a gute idee. Ve'll take a log an' put it in da shoot an' sit on it an' shoot da shoot!" An' ay say, "You bet if vere goin' to slide down, vere goin' to sit on someting. Dere's ban too many splin—(*stops a little embarrassed*). So ve hunt around an' all ve can find is vun log yust about so beeg (*illustrates*), yust beeg enough fer vun to sit on. A'm lukin' down to camp an' ay tal you ay'm gattin' purty col' feet. So ay say to Axel, "Dis ban your idea so you can go first, den ay see how you do it." An' Axel ay guess he har gattin' chilblains too, he says, "Ay'm more tired as you! You go first an' den ven you get to camp you can bring da log back to me."

Vell, ve don't know vot vere goin' to do an' ay'm valkin' round to keep myself varm an' ay hit my fute like dis (*stumbles*) and vot you tink ay find? Ay find ol'—ol'—Aa—vot you call does ting (*goes through motion of man shoveling dirt into a wagon*). A—mmm (*triumphantly*) a shoop scovel, dat's it, a shoop scovel! Den ay say to Axel, "By yorge! Ay har got gute idee! Vun of us skol take de log an' ay'll take de shoop scovel." An' he says, "All right, ay'm freeze to det." An' ay say "All right, you can go first, den you get dere quvicker." So ve put de log in de shute an he sit on it an' ay sit behin' him on he shoop scovel. Den he say, "Don't forget to roll off ven you come to camp." An' ay say, "Mebbe ay roll off before ay come to camp.

Are you ready?'' An' he says, ''You bat!'' An' ay say, ''All right, let her go!'' An' he says, ''Ay can't, ay'm stuck, give her push.'' So ay take my fute an' give him push, like dis (*illustrates*) vun—two—tree!!! By yaminy! Ay never see anybody go so fast. Ay yust gat vun luke at him, den ay can't see him some more fer de smoke he's makin'. Ay yell, ''Come back, Axel, come back!'' An' ven ay trow my hands oop, dat got me start too! Ooooo!! Ay tell you ay ain't gone more as tree feet ven ay vish I vas back vere ay'm start from. Ay'm holdin' on to de shoop scovel an' de vind just go f-f-f-f-ft like dot! Ay'm turn de first corner an' dere's ban Axel clear to camp alrady an' yust ven ay luke, de fool roll off! He roll off all right but he don't stop. He yust keep right on goin'. He's gat de deer round his nack an' first de deer ban on top an' den Axel ban on top. Ay say to myself, ''Dere, anonder fule break his nack. You bat ay stick on de shoop scovel!'' Ay stick on him an' ay go fifty feet out into de vater, splash! Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Ay ain't gattin' dere anny too quick, you bat my life! Dot shoop scovel purty blame near red hot. ——N' den ven ay svim back to shore, ay gat to clime to de top of de moun—tn to gat my cap dat blow off ven ay start.



Elias Day
as
A Southern Gentleman

GOING HOME

(*A Dramatic Story*)

The scene takes place in a police justice court in the city of Chicago. Numerous cases have been disposed of, 'til the last one is called—that of an old Negro who has been arrested for stealing a chicken. It appears that the old fellow had been walking along South Water street, and when in front of a commission merchant's store, he spied a chicken coop with one slat off. It wasn't off far enough to allow the chicken to escape by itself, but with the aid of a large black paw, it managed to secrete itself under the old colored fellow's coat. Unfortunately, for the old fellow, the commission man had observed the whole transaction from behind the door. He followed the old man, and as soon as he came to a policeman, he turned him over to him. He was taken to jail, kept there all night, and the next morning brought before the judge.

If you examine the old fellow, you will notice that he is poorly but neatly dressed, but there is a look in his eyes that denotes that he is not quite right in his mind. He evinces no interest in the proceedings whatever. There is a long white scar that extends from his left eyebrow to the crown of his old bald head.

While the case is being tried, the door at the rear of the court room opens, and there enters the typical old-fashioned "Southern Gentleman," a man of about sixty-five years of age. He listens attentively to the case, and the evidence is so overwhelmingly against the old colored man, that the judge is forced to sentence him to the "Bridewell" for thirty days

for stealing the chicken. Just as the bailiff is about to lead him out, the old Southerner rises and comes forward.

"I beg you' pa'don, yo' Honah, fo' interruptin' the machinery of justice. I am a strangeh in you all's town, and was wandering around an' I happened to drop into this yere co't room, and I just heard yo' sentence this ole, black niggah to the Bridewell fo' thu'ty days fo' stealin' a chicken. As he don't appeah to have any attu'ney here to protect his interests, an' as I am a membeh of the bah in a neighborin' state, I thought, perhaps, yo' might allow me the cou'tesy to say a word or two in his behalf—I thank yo'. I appreciate the compliment, an' I shall be very pleased to retu'n it, if yo' evah come to my paht of the country. I'm from Kaintucky, suh. Will yo' allow me to introduce myself? Thank yo', suh! I am Col. Thos. L. Fayerweatheh, of Frankfort, Kaintucky. I reckon yo' all up no'th don't know just exactly how we Southernehs feel about a niggah, do yo'? Why, Lawd bless yo', suh, we don't think anything of a niggah stealin' down South. I reckon it comes to be a habit with a niggah stealin', spaichelly watahmillons and chickens, and I should like to illustrate that to yo', suh, by tellin' yo' a little story that sort of has a bearin' on this case, if yo' will allow me. Thank yo', suh! I shall not take up much of yo' time.

"I am goin' back to the beginnin' of the world—when I was a baby. I had fo' a fosteh mother an ole black niggah mammy that we used to call 'Aunt Ebby,' and I had for a fosteh brother a little, black niggah boy that was named 'Absolum,' but we used to call him 'Ab' fo' short." (*To the old darkey, who had jumped up from his chair with a wild look in*

his eyes:) "Sit down thar! What do yo' all mean by jumpin' up here in front of white folks? Whar's yo' mannahs? Now don't let me see yo' do that again. Do yo' heah me?" (*As the old fellow slowly sinks into his chair the Colonel continues.*)

"As I was a sayin' we used to call him 'Ab' fo' short. Well, suh, he and I grew up togetheh, an' while I was his masteh, an' he was my slave, we were more like brothers than anythin' else. He was the only playmate I had, an' when we were boys we used to like to play boys' games togetheh. We would go out into the woods and build a camp fiah an' play brigand—of cou'se, suh, I was the chief of the brigands—I used to send that bold band of bad men out to steal provendah to cook oveh the fiah. I can recollect that about the only provendah that niggah brought back was chickens. I neveh asked whar' he got those chickens, but I imagin' the neighbo's hen roosts used to suffeh somewhat.

"One time when we were both about eleven yeahs of age we went in swimmin' togetheh. I got undressed fu'st an' got in the watah. The last I saw of the niggah he was settin' on the bank takin' off his ole blue jean shirt. Well, I couldn't swim any, an' I was paddlin' around, an' I struck a hole an' went down, an' when I came up I let out a yell, yo' could heah a mile, an' went down again, an' I reckon I must have swallowed a couple of gallons of watah—an' yo' know what a hardship that is to a Kaintuckian—an' when I came up for the thi'd an' last time, yo' Honah, I tell yo', life seemed awful sweet to a little shaveh like me. I knew I was a-goin' to drown. My! My! My! How frightened I was! I gave one last look aroun'. I was just a prayin' for he'p, an' I saw a little black fo'm come shootin'

down through that watah, an' I felt a pair of little black ahms aroun' me, an' while that little niggah—only eleven yeahs ole, mind yo'—couldn't swim a stroke, he risked his life, an' somehow or otheh, he managed to kick both himself an' me to sho'. Then he picked me up on his little, bare, black back, an' cryin' like his po' little hea't would break, he toted me all the way to the house. Saved my life, suh!

"Well, suh, I neveh thought anythin' of that. Why, he was my slave, I thought that was what he ought to have done. But one time when we were both about twenty yeahs of age—I had just finished law school, an' I came back home, an' I am ashamed to say, I had trouble with my fatheh, an' we pa'ted in angeh. I left home, an' all I took with me was a mighty po' smatterin' of the law, an' that niggah boy 'Ab.' We wandehed around considerable, our little stack of money gettin' loweh and loweh, until, at last, we struck Memphis, Tennessee. With what we had left I opened a law office. I reckon it was what yo' all up no'th would call 'pretty hard sleddin'.' Do yo' know, suh, that there is many and many a time that I would have gone to bed hungry if it hadn't been for—chicken. I neveh asked that niggah where he got those chickens, an' I didn't much care. Bein' a lawyer I didn't want him to incriminate himself. I was taken sick with typhoid fevah, an' the doctah said I must have good nu'sin an' things to eat. We didn't have any money, so what does that niggah do, that had neveh done a ha'd days wo'k in his life—him being a body servant—but he went down to the levee, an' he acted as a roustabout on the Mississippi steamboats, an' then between boats, tired out as he was, he would come up, an' nu'se me, an' every dollah that nig-

gah ea'rned went to buy me good things to eat, while he nearly sta'ved himself to death, an' with it all, I don't know when that niggah eveh slept, because wheneveh I'd wake up at night, I would find him wide awake bendin' oveh me, an' I'd heah him say, 'Is they anythin' you want, Mars Tom? Kin I git you a glass of watah?' or 'Kin I smoov yo' pillah fo' yo'?' An' one night the doctah said, suh, that he didn't expect me to live 'til mawnin, an' I woke up an' found a black face bendin' oveh mine with the teahs just a streamin' down it, an' such a frightened look on it, an' I hea'd a sca'd voice sayin', 'Mars Tom, kin yo' heah me? Lisen, Mars Tom; th' doctah just done tole meh yo' alls gwine to die. My God! Mars Tom, I kain't let my boy die. Why, what'll ole Mars do tuh me? Fo' Gowd, he'll kill meh, shua, an' lisen, I done neveh told yo' befoh, but I love yeh, an' I swear if yo' alls gwine to die, I haint gwine to live, I'm gwine to die wif yeh,' an' an' (*The old voice breaks and for a moment or two the Colonel is overcome with recollections of the scene he had just pictured*). I reckon I'm an ole fool, yo' Honah, but the doctah tole me, suh, that it was the good nu'sin' of that niggah that pulled me through.

"May I tell you' one mo' story, suh? Then I'm done. Thank yo' suh! I went back home then an' stayed there 'til the wah broke out. I enlisted, suh, in the 23d Kaintucky infantry, Confederate se'vice, suh, an' they did me the honah to elect me the captain of our company. I took the niggah along as my body se'vant. They do say that in the whole Confederate se'vice there was neveh a regiment that saw mo' fightin' an' less grub than the 23d; but I can recollect that no mattah how much the otheh

officers might suffeh, I always had — chicken. I neveh asked that niggah where he got *those* chickens, but I reckon he could smell them for seven miles. Well, one time my company an' I were sent out on a skirmshin' expedition, an' I took Ab along with meh, an' somehow or otheh we got separated from the rest of the company, an' we ran into a Yankee cavalry picket. There was fo' of them, suh, an' they had the audacity to call on meh to surrendeh. On my honeh, suh, as a southern gentleman, I want yo' to believe that I tried to pull my revolveh an' make a fight, but befo' I could get it out, one of those Yanks shot meh—the ball went through my shouldeh an' came out through my back; of course, suh, injurin' me internally. The last thing I can recollect is seein' one of those Yanks come ridin' to'ads me as ha'd as he could with his sabeh raised above his haid to bring it down on mine. Well, suh, I was too weak to get out of the way, and somehow that wound hu't me so I didn't care whetheh I lived or died. I said to myself, 'Tom Fayerweatheh, I reckon yo' time is come now,' and then I saw a black haid come right up in front of mine, and *take that blow for meh.* I fainted away, and when I did come too I saw a black face bendin' oveh mine, no teahs streamin' down it now—it was blood and I hea'd a po' weak voice sayin', 'Mars Tom, thank Gawd you hain't daid. If yo'll just be patient Mars Tom, I'm gwine to try to carry yo' back to camp.' And then, suh, I felt myself lifted on to that staggerin' black back, and both of us mo' daid than alive, that niggah toted me all the way to camp, a mile and a half. I lay in bed six weeks, unconscious most of the time, but when I did come too, I asked afteh the niggah, and they told me that

he hadn't died, and that they had sewed up his wound, and it had healed up, but it seemed to make him crazy and he had wandehed away. Yo' Honeh, fo' fo'ty yeahs, wheneveh I can get away from my law business, I've been searchin' up and down this big United States fo' that ole niggah. At last I struck yo' alls town. I went down into the niggah quateh, and I asked if any of 'em knew an old niggah by the name of Ab Fayerweatheh? At last I found a yellow boy who told me he had been arrested." (*He slowly turned toward the old negro, and pointing a long finger at him, he again addressed the judge.*) "Yo' Honeh, do yo' see that ma'k on that ole niggah's scalp that looks like a white seam? Well, suh, sittin' in that box is the bravest man, black or white, that Gawd eveh put on his big green footstool (*scornfully*) and yo' suh, in yo' infinite wisdom, have sentenced him to jail for thu'ty days fo' stealin' a chicken. Good Gawd, sent to jail fo' stealin' a chicken." (*As he slowly turns toward the old negro again the contemptuous look slowly fades from his face, and is replaced by a look of infinite tenderness, then he breaks into a perfect gale of laughter and joy.*)

"Gawd bless yo' ole black soul, yo' knew me the minute I came into this co'te room, didn't yo', and I knew yo' too. Come right oveh heah." (*Commandingly, as though to the policeman.*) "See heah, Misteh Blue Cloth and Brass Buttons, yo' let that niggah alone. Come heah, Ab, don't mind him. Fore Gawd, I'm so glad to see yo' I could hug yo'." (*As he clasps the old man's hand.*) "I would, too, if I wasn't afraid the black would come off. Yes, suh, just as suah as yo' bo'n its Mars Tom, *its Mars Tom.*" (*Stops surprised.*) "Why, niggah, what's

the matteh with yeh? Ain't yo' glad to see me?" (*Wistfully.*) "Well, what yo' cryin' fo', then? What's that? Yo're cryin' just because yo' so glad to see me?" (*He tries to say something himself, but his voice chokes, he snuffles, turns his head away, then turns suddenly on the old fellow.*)

"See heah, yo' ole fool, stop that, *stop* it! Yo're gettin' me goin' the same way. Now listen tuh meh! Do yo' know where yo're goin'? Yo're goin' home; yo' heah me? *Yo're—goin'—home!* Don't that sound good to yo' lonely ole soul? Yo're goin' back south where yo're real friends are, back to Frankfort, Kaintucky, where yo' can steal all the chickens yo' want tuh, if I have to keep 'em fo' yo' to steal.

"Yo' Honeh, if there is anything I can pay that'll keep a Fayerweatheh from goin' to jail for stealin' a chicken, I hope yo'll allow me to pay it. I don't—" (*He stops, surprised, and then with a most courtly bow*) "What's that? Prisoner discha'ged without cost. I most humbly beg yo' pardon, yo' Honeh; I hope you won't take anything I said as personal." (*To the old negro again*) "Do yo' heah what the judge says, Ab? He says yo're free an' there's nothin' to pay. Yo' Honeh, I don't know how I can thank you fo' all yo' kindness, but I should like to have a chance to retu'n it." (*After a thoughtful pause.*) "Ill tell yo'! Yo' come down to Frankfort an' visit me. Stay as long as you can, an' I'll have this ole niggah cook yo' up a chicken in good ole southern style—but *don't yo' ask him where he got it.*"

"THE WAY OUT"

Scene—Home of the Perkins'. About six o'clock in the evening.

Characters (in order of appearance):

Mrs. Perkins
Master Algenon Perkins
Mr. Perkins

She (rehearsing)—"Madam President and ladies of the Political Enfranchisement Club: As we all know, we have secured through years of strenuous effort, our political freedom. No longer does man look down on us as being the mere creatures of his whim to be guided in our thoughts and actions by the mere saying of 'think so, and do this.' We have begun to assume the duties of real citizens and we know that we are going to use the same care and forethought in the management of this vast business enterprise called the United States, as we have done hitherto in our homes. (*Applauds*)—In our homes. ——And it is on this subject on the management of the home that I am to speak to you this afternoon. We—that is few of you have realized the dominating influence of the man in the home. We have heard for countless years, man declare that his is the duty to provide the home. The woman's duty merely to keep it and to raise the children. Can you not see that this is an entirely one-sided arrangement? The man not only provides for the home but he demands just how the home should be kept and just how the children should be raised, therefore, woman's soft and refining influence is lost and man's coarser nature leaves its indelible impress."

—(I like that "indelible impress")—"On the rising and future generations. The rougher and coarser and less cultural side of life is dominating our domesticity even in the present day."

Voice outside—Ma! Ma!

She—Algenon—how many times have I told you not to say Ma! If you want me you should say Mama.

Voice outside—Ma—mamma!

She—Go away I cannot be bothered now, Son, Mama is busy preparing her speech.

Voice outside—Well, you are always preparing speeches. When are we going to eat?

She—Algenon, don't say, "When are we going to eat?" say, "When are we going to dine, Mama?" We are going to dine tonight at the Delicatessen. Mama hasn't time to see that dinner is prepared.

Voice outside—Gee Ma—mamma, I get so sick of that canned stuff.

She—Algenon, retire to the library and study Shelly's poem "To the Skylark," and as soon as you have the first two stanzas learned and when your father comes home he can take you to the Delicatessen.—Now let me see, where was I? Oh, yes—"Women must dominate men not only in the government of our great country, but in the home. As Madam Thompkins Scott says,—and, by the way, ladies, I had the great pleasure of meeting her. She is a matronly lady of possibly fifty-three or fifty-four years of age, and I know you will forgive me if I continually quote from her wonderful book entitled "The Education and Advancement of Intellect in Children." As Madam Scott has said, 'Women must take the strong-hand.' We must show as much force in the domination of our husbands

and children as the ancient cave-man showed in the domination of his family." (*A timid knock at the door*)—Yes, what is is?

Bill (*outside*)—I am home.

She—My dear, is it necessary to inform me of that?

Bill—No, my dear, I only wanted to ask you where Al is.

She—If you mean Algenon—he is in the library studying Shelly's "Skylark." May I ask that you don't bother me as I am preparing my speech for the club tonight.

Bill (*outside*)—Yes, dear, I know. Are you preparing it again or yet? (*She opens door and Bill enters.*)

She—My dear, where are your glasses?

Bill—I am afraid I forgot them.

She—You must not forget them.

Bill—I know, but I don't need them.

She—I know you don't need them but it makes you look so much more intellectual. Please put them on.

Bill (*sighs, and puts them on.*)

She—Was there something you wanted to talk to me about?

Bill—No, not particularly. I only wanted to know when we are going to eat.

She—By the way, I am to eat supper at the Club, and you and Algenon are to dine at the Delicatessen. I am preparing my speech and will hardly have time to go over it for the sixth time today, and by the way, dear, will you please make the beds. I haven't had time this morning, and you will find the breakfast dishes in the pan. All you will have to do is turn the hot water on them, and if you get home in

time see that Algenon goes to bed promptly at eight o'clock, as I will come home very exhausted at half past ten. I would like to see you retire before that time so as not to disturb me. I will go upstairs now, and finish the rest of that speech. (*Exits.*)

Bill (*Takes off glasses, looks at them, throws them on the table, listens at the door, hears door slam, and then whistles.*)

Algenon (*enters wearing glasses*)—Is she gone?

Bill—Take 'em off. (*Takes off Algenon's glasses.*) Hello, old pal.

Al—Hello, old chap.

Bill—What have you been doing?

Al—She thinks I've been studying "The Skylark" but I have been reading "Treasure Island." Gosh, Pa, that's what I want to be—a pirate. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum.

Bill—Do it this way. Yo, ho, ho (*action*) and a bottle of rum. Well old pal, where do we eat tonight?

Al—Ma says we are to go to the Delicatessen.

Bill—Nothing doing. I saved $4.00 out of the allowance she gave me out of my salary this week and we'll "blow" it and you can have anything you want to eat. Sit up at the table and—now what would the young gentleman wish for?

Al—Can I have—

Bill—Don't say "can." It reminds me too much of the Delicatessen. You must always say, "May I have anything I want." Shake, old pal, this is our night out. What are you going to have to eat?

Al—Can I—may I have some liver and bacon?

Bill—Yes sir, that's very fine tonight sir, and what would you like, sir, in the way of a salad?

Al—I guess I'll take another order of liver and bacon.

Bill—Very good sir, and what in the way of a dessert? A nip of cheese, sir?

Al—No, may I have some chocolate ice cream?

Bill—Yes sir, the ice cream is very nice tonight, sir, not to mention the chocolate. And I suppose a demi-tasse, sir.

Al—No, another order of chocolate ice cream.

Bill—A very well chosen meal, sir, and don't forget to leave the tip under the plate, sir.

She (*from upstairs*)—William! (*Bill runs for his glasses.*) William!

Bill—Yes, dear.

She—Nothing, I only wanted to ask what you and Algenon were doing.

Bill—Nothing, my dear, only we are having a discussion in regard to the science of gastronomy. You see Al insists that there are less than 576 callories in a can of tomatoes.

She (*still upstairs*)—The subject is worthy of great consideration. I want to remind you that if you go after I do, turn out all the lights, especially the one in the front hall, and be sure to put the cat out. I think you had better wash the breakfast dishes before you go and the beds are rather thoroughly aired now, although you needn't make them up until after you have come back from the Delicatessen.

Bill—All right dear. Everything will be attended to as you wish.

She—See that it is. (*Door slams, he stands a minute.*)

Bill—How much longer, how much longer, oh Lord!

Al—I guess it will be forever.

Bill—No it won't. Now, listen, old scout. I got us into this sort of thing myself, and I have found a way out. Are you a good sport Al?

Al—You bet your life.

Bill—Well then, listen, old Kid, and I'll tell you what we are going to do. (*Goes over to coat and pulls grease paint out of pocket.*) I am going to abuse her.

Al—Abuse Ma?

Bill—Did Fatty Thompkins chase you today?

Al—Yep!

Bill—What for?

Al—Nothing, except because I don't have a dirty neck.

Bill—Because you don't have a dirty neck?

Al—Yep, he says that any fellow that washes the back of his neck is a Mammy-boy.

Bill—Listen, old Scout, put them up. Ready now. Aw no, scow! That get's 'em scared. Why you are getting better every day, and I'll tell you when you are ready to lick Fatty. Now listen, my boy, I don't want you to fight but sometimes in life it is necessary for a man to protect himself unless he wants to be a coward, and God hates a coward. Go through life by being as square and fair and just and kind to every man as possible, and in nine cases out of ten you won't have to fight, but if you run against somebody who doesn't live up to those rules and who continually tries to get the best of you, just because he is bigger than you are, mentally or physically, prepare yourself and when you are ready soak him, and soak him hard.

Al—Is that what you are getting ready to do to Ma?

Bill—That will do from you, young man. But come to think of it, that's just what I am preparing to do.

Al—Well, are you going to lick her?

Bill—Figuratively, yes—literally, no. The trouble with your Ma is, Al, she is seeing life through borrowed spectacles. They don't fit her eyes nor anybody's else. I think you are old enough to realize that your mother is one of the finest women who ever lived but she has an old maid club-woman's idea of how to bring up a family. The theory is rosy but the practice is dark blue with those she is bringing up.

Al—Gee, I guess it is. I can remember when I never had to take a bath only once a week.

Bill—Yes, poor kid, and now you have to take one every morning, don't you? And believe me, I can remember when I used to think water wasn't good for anything except to drink. Now, go and put on your jumpers and black your eye. Here, let me show you. Put a red smear here, and a scratch there and towsel your hair every which way, and when you hear me open the window and yell, you just think that Fatty Thompkins is out in front and that he has called you a sissy, and then you fight him until I tell you to come in.

Al—Yes, but Fatty ain't there.

Bill—That's the idea. You go out and practice on thin air on Fatty so that when you are ready you can lick him good. Scuffle your feet and cry and talk to him just as though you were licking him. Don't have any pity on him.

Al—Don't I have to hit anybody?

Bill—No, no, do what your father does. Hold long conversations with your imaginary enemy in

which you invariably get the best of it. My boy, many is the time that I have had a quarrel with someone and continued quarreling all the way home just as if he were there, and say, the way I have roasted him. The only trouble was that I couldn't think of those things to say when I was really quarreling with him.

Al—That is the way I have talked to Ma a good many times when she wasn't there.

Bill—That's the idea. Fight Fatty just the way you have talked to your Ma when she wasn't there.

Al—Pa—(*Whispers in his ear.*)

Bill—No, I wouldn't call him that. I would go as far as calling him a darn fool, but no further.

Al—Well, what are you going to do, Bill?

Bill—I am going to take my stand like a good American and assert my independence, and the first thing is these glasses. I don't need them any more than a cow needs an extra leg.

Al—But they make you look intellectual.

Bill—They make me look like a google-eyed imp. And the next thing is, I am going to show my Apollo-like brow. (*Looks at watch.*) Are you pretty nearly ready? Because she'll be coming down stairs in a minute. Listen—no, she's still spouting the speech. She is coming now. Here, out this way, quick now. Now, remember what I told you. When I open the window, beat Fatty to a pulp.

She (*upstairs*)—William!

Bill—What is it?

She—Why William, how rough your voice is.

Bill—T'aint as rough as I am. I am a wooly cowboy and I wear chaps with the hair on the outside.

She (*enters*)—Why William Perkins, what on earth is the matter with you?

Bill—There ain't anything the matter with me; the matter is with you. Now come in here and sit down.

She—Why William Perkins, I never saw you act this way before.

Bill—You and I are going to have an understanding. Now don't ask me where my glasses are because I have thrown them away. I don't want to be rough now. You stand there now; you are not going to leave the room because I ain't through with you yet. That will do. You keep still and I'll do all the talking that is necessary. Then you can go to the Club and tell them how to bring up a family. Now you are going to hear some things that you ain't going to like. When you first married me, you promised to love, honor, and obey. Do you understand? Love, honor and obey, and you have kept that promise except for three things. You don't love me any more and from the way you make me wear glasses, the Lord knows you don't honor me, and both the Kid and myself are the ones that are obeying. Now, I am on a strike. In the first place, I ain't going to make the beds; in the second place I ain't going to wash the dishes; I'll eat off the dirty ones. In the third place, the kid ain't going to read Shelly's "Skylark" and I brought home "Treasure Island" for him to read.

She—Are you crazy?

Bill—No, I am getting sane. I have been crazy. Up to a year and one half ago, you were as fine and sweet a woman as the Lord ever gave a man, and what are you now? You are a slave driver and just because I have been a gentleman and don't want to fight back you have imposed on me. I have

let you bring up Al until he is never going to be a man. He is going to be a sissy.

She—Where is he now?

Bill—I put him in jumpers and he is out around hunting for Fatty Thompkins.

She—What do you mean, Fatty Thompkins.

Bill—Never mind what I mean. You will know in a little while. Now listen, do you know Domnick McGoogan? Well, Domnick is a good deal smaller than I am and he has a wife twice as big as he is. Domnick is like me according to his lights. He has been a good provider and a good husband, hard-working, earnest and sober, and Bridget was a good wife until she joined the Sidelity of the Sacred Heart, and I guess it is just like your Woman's Club. She learned to speak a little French and then she wanted Domnick to get a little higher up in the world and she sneered at him because he would eat peas with his knife and couldn't learn to mix them with his mashed potatoes. She wanted culture, and because Domnick bore it like the gentleman he is, she began to sneer at him, then being bigger than he was, she got to beating him.

She—Do you mean to say that there is any parallel between Mrs. McGoogan and myself?

Bill—That will do. Wait until I get through and you can draw your own parallel. Domnick was a worm and like all long worms, he had a turning.

She—You mean it is a long lane that has no turning.

Bill—I mean a worm. If you put your foot on a worm, what is out from under the foot is going to squirm, and Domnick squirmed. I was going past their house the other day, and I heard an awful hullabaloo. I was going up the steps and the door

flew open and out came Mrs. McGoogan, and she was a sight. She had a black eye and a bloody nose; her right sleeve was torn off, and her hair was stringing down her back. She was "wenting" away from there as fast as she could, but Domnick was quicker. He caught up to her and was just going to hit her in the other eye, when I caught him. I am not very big and we had a tussle and I was getting the best of Domnick when Mrs. McGoogan stepped in and threatened to beat the tar out of me if I struck him again. She said he had a right to beat her. She could see now that he had a right to eat his peas with his knife and that she loved him. Now, this is what is going to happen to you. I hate to strike a woman but I have got to assert my independence.

She—Why William, do you mean to say that you would strike me? Why I can't imagine what has come over you.

Bill—You won't be cured until you call me Bill like you did when we were first married. Say "Bill," like you used to. Say, "Bill, please don't hit me."

She—If you dare to touch me I'll open the window and scream for help.

Bill—Don't think that will shame me. I am ashamed to look my neighbors in the face now. Everybody knows I am a hen-pecked husband and I guess it will be the best thing for me to let them know I am asserting my authority. I'll open the window myself. (*Opens it, calls to Al—outside.*)

Soak 'em, Al. Kick him, bite him! Give it to him!

Bill—That is your son licking Fatty Thompkins because you make him wash the back of his neck every day. Now that boy is going dirty, and he is

going to have fun and fight like I used to fight. (*To Al*) That will do Al. Let him go and come in. (*Al enters*) Now, woman, look at your handiwork.

She—Oh Bill, he is killed.

Bill—Say that again.

She—Say what again?

Bill—Call me Bill. Woman, you are cured. Come here Al. Let him alone.

She—Well, what have you been trying to do?

Bill—Bring you to your senses.

She—What do you mean, bring me to my senses. I think you have been crazy. Have you been fooling all this time?

Bill—Not on your life. I have been in dead earnest.

She—Do you mean to say you really would have hit me?

Bill—I don't know. I might have had to go as far as that, although I would have hated to do it. Come on, shove over now. Now, look at me. Do you love your husband?

She—Why you know I do.

Bill—Do you love him better than you do talking about how to bring up a family before Women's clubs?

She—Why of course I do.

Bill—All right then, prove it. Call up the president of the club.

She—What for?

Bill—And tell them that you have an urgent engagement with your husband and Al, not Algenon. And if she asks you when you are going to make the speech, tell her *never*.

She—Do I really have to do that?

Bill—Yes.

She—I don't know what they will say about me.

Bill—Console yourself with thinking about what they used to say about me.

She—(*Goes to phone*) Parkway 3126. —Can't you tell her I am sick?

Bill—Nothing doing. Tell her yourself. Tell her that you have made a mistake and that you are not going to advise other people how to bring up their families.

She—Hello—Is this Mrs. Hendricks? Well this is Mrs. Perkins.—No—no, Mrs. Theodosia Perkins.

Bill—Say it's Mrs. Bill Perkins.

She—I say this is Mrs. Bill Perkins. I am very sorry but I can't be at the Club tonight.

Bill—Tell her what I told you.

She—Do I have to?

Bill—I have obeyed you for a year and a half. Take your own medicine.

She—I am not going to speak at the club any more on "How to Bring up a Family." No, no that isn't the reason. I have changed my ideas.

Bill (*grabs Al and dances around room*)—Hooray!

She—Yes, I am awfully sorry that I can't be there tonight. I have got to stay home and have dinner with my family. Good-bye. (*cries*)

Bill—Do you really take it as hard as that?

She—I don't know whether I am laughing or crying. I am so happy.

Bill—Happy? Well, for the Love of Mike, that's a funny way of showing it.

She—Oh, Bill, say that again.

Bill—Say what again?

She—For the Love of Mike!

Al—I'll say it. For the Love of Mike. For the Love of Mike. For the Love of Mike.

She—That sounds so homelike.

Al—Are you going to scold me Ma!—Mamma!

She—No dear, call me Ma! You know I have just been in a sort of a dream and I have never let you know how unhappy I have been. I talked those things because I got them from that old-maid lecturer until everybody came to look on me as an authority, and then I had to try and make you live up to the ideas I was preaching about. I knew neither of you were happy but I didn't know how to get out of it and I knew that all I needed was for you to show your authority.

Bill—I see, a little of the cave-man stuff.

She—You know what I am going to do? I am going up-stairs and change my clothes and put on a kitchen apron, and we are going to have our first meal at home in I don't know how long. What's the matter, my dear little boy?

Al—Why Pa and I were going down to a real restaurant and get some liver and bacon and some ice-cream.

Bill—We'll put off the meal at home until tomorrow. Keep your good duds on and we'll blow the whole of $5.00 on one solid meal of liver and bacon and chocolate ice-cream.

She—Oh, Bill I am so happy.

Bill—Now, are we all set? All right, THIS WAY OUT.

BAUMGARTNER AT THE TELEPHONE.

(This is probably the most provocative of hilarious laughter of any of my humorous sketches. I always start the telephone conversation in the ordinary telephone voice and as it continues, get louder and more excited, while the changes that may be rung on the reiteration of the name Baumgartner are limitless.

When impersonating Mrs. Baumgartner, I make her crying face as humorous as possible, but not grotesque. The attempt of many impersonators to gain laughter by "mugging" (as it is technically called) is a low form of our Art. The crying expression on the human face, if taken separately from the cause of the tears, is humorous in itself and need not be exaggerated.

I heard this sketch given many years ago by an amateur, and it struck me then that there was the germ of a good number in it, so I re-wrote it. In its present form, I can justly claim it for my own.)

* * *

Emil Baumgartner is a hard working German who lives in a house that he rents from a man by the name of Evans. Evans is the typical landlord,—he gets just as much rent for the house as he possibly can, and gives just as little in return, a failing with modern landlords.

Baumgartner has a wife that he loves dearly (of course that is not an unusual thing; I have known,—ahhh—let me see—four men that loved their wives dearly) but there is one thing that Emil loves even better than his wife, and that is a bowl of noodle soup—so whenever Emil comes home for dinner

his wife greets him with a smile at the door, and on the table is a steaming hot bowl of noodle soup.

One day when he came home at noon, he found his wife seated with her hands folded in her lap, tears coursing down her cheeks, and no noodle soup. She was crying (which,—come to think of it, is the usual thing for women to do—when tears course down their cheeks). She wasn't pretty when she cried, my no! she was even homlier than most women are when they cry, and that's saying a lot. Emil stopped in his tracks and looked at her, it was so unusual to see his fat, good natured frau in tears; then he spoke:

"Vell, vot is de matter mit you, are you crying, or making faces at me?"

"Ooooo—Ooooo—Ooooo!" (*she cries in high pitched, long drawn wail, strangely reminiscent of a factory whistle.*)

"Say! you don't got to make a noise like dot, der factory vistle has yust blowed! Vere is my noodle soup?"

"You dont got some noodle soup today. Ooooo—Ooooo—Ooooo!"

"I know I ain't got it, but who is der reason vy I ain't got it?"

"Vell I've been tolding you for more as two veeks alreaty about dot hole in der roof, unt you vouldn't got it fixed, unt so dis morning, yust ven I got der bowl of noodle soop onto der table, der rain comes down troo der hole in der roof unt dot makes der plaster so loose dot der ceiling falls, splish! right into der soop!"

"Vell, vy dont you got some more noodle soop?"

"Vell vy dont you got der hole in der roof fixed?"

"Vell, I been talking to dot Evans for more as two veeks alreaty. I got sick of dot feller. (*looks at Mrs. B.*) Vooman, if you could see der vay vot you look ven you cry, you vould laugh! Now don't make so much noise, I'm goin' to telephone dot man Evans. Sixteen dollars a mont' for this place unt nuting, nuting,—but holes in der roof. Not even a bat room.—Maybe he tinks ve stood unter der holes in der roof ven it rains unt took bats. (*picks up imaginary telephone*) Hello—hello, is dis der Middle office,—vell yust a minute please. (*to his wife*) Don't cry so loud. I can't lissen to vot—(*in the telephone*) vait a minute, I'm trying to talk to my vife. Hello, hello,—vell I can't gif it to you 'til I find out vot it is, is it? (*to his wife*) Vot is Evans number? Qvick! (*in the telephone*) Hello, hello, dont be in a hurry. I can't talk to once of you at bot',—gif me Main vun dousan'—No Main vun dousan'.—No I dont vant twelef. Ven I vant twelef den I say twelef.—Gif me Main vun O, O, O.—Vot's dot, no dere ain't nobody hurtin' me. Ven dere is somebody hurtin' me I call a policeman; I don't call you. Say lissen, gif me Main ten hudert. Couldn't you unterstandt English ven I speak it mit you? Vot's dot? You better not get impertinance mit me, huh!—I said huh!—I can say huh! tvice if I vant to,—huh huh! like dot.—(*to his wife*) I says to her, 'Couldn't you unterstood English?' unt she says, 'Not ven you speak it in Cherman.'—You yust vait 'til dot Evans comes. I talk to dot feller.—Here he comes, now lissen. (*thro the telephone, very loudly and commandingly*) Hello Evans, say Evans—(*change of voice, politely*) hello, who is dis, please? Oh! dis is Mrs. Evans. (*bows*) How do you do? I'm glad to see you. Is Mr. Evans dere? Ask him to

come to der phone please.—No never mind tolding him who it vas. Yust told him a friend vants to speak mit him. (*winks at his wife*) Dot vas Mrs. Evans; vait 'til Evans comes, by golly, you vont cry den, you vill laugh,—here he is now. (*very angry over the phone*) Hello, Say Evans, dis is Emil Baumgartner, unt two veeks ago vunce, I spoke to you about a hole in der roof, unt you vouldn't got it fixed, unt so dis morning yust ven my wife has got a bowl of noodle soop onto der table der rain comes down troo der hole in der roof, unt dot makes der plaster so loose dot der ceiling falls, splish! right into der soop, unt so—(*a little louder*) I say dis is Emil Baumgartner—Baumgartner!—I say, two veeks ago vunce, I spoke to you about a hole in der roof, unt you vouldn't got it fixed, unt so dis morning yust as my vife has got a bowl of noodle soop onto der table der rain comes down troo der hole in der roof unt dot makes der plaster so loose,—you can look vere my finger is pointing unt see der hole dot vos vere der plaster vos before der—Huh?—I say (*slowly, distinctly, and loudly*) Dis—is—EMIL—BAUMGARTNER, BAUMGARTNER, Say, vot is der matter mit you? Lissen to me. Two veeks ago dere vos a hole in der roof.—Yes its dere yet, unt dot's vot der matter mit it, unt dis morning yust ven my vife has got a bowl of noodle soop onto der table,—vot? no, noodle soop, noodle!—Noodle! Noodle!—(*tries to spell it*) N—N—double oodle, noodle, S double oop, soop,—say vot does it matter vot kind of soop it vos. I ain't got it, unt dot's vot der matter. (*in a high pitched voice, almost crying*) Emil Baumgartner!!—Say, I don't know vot I'm talking about now. Lissen, I say, two—veeks—ago—my—vife has got a hole in der roof, I mean—I

don't know vot I mean, — EMIL BAUMGARTNER ! ! ! Two veeks ago dere vos a bowl of noodle soop come down troo der hole in der hoof—I mean Emil Baumgartner come down troo der hole in der noodle soop. Dot is der rain come down troo—EMIL BAUMGARTNER!—SHUT UP!!! (*to his wife, as he puts down the telephone*) Dots der vay to talk to him. Gee! he vos scairt!''

DANNY

(*An Original Characterization*)

(*This sketch should be given in the Irish-American brogue. Do not make the dialect too broad, and do not work for effects, let them come naturally.*)

Big Dan O'Brien was a rough rolling-mill man, who lived in the "Patch," as the locality was called by the citizens of the large manufacturing town of which it was a part, and Dan's little white cottage, sitting far back from the street, with its vine-covered porch, the narrow gravel walk bordered on each side with flowers, and the tiny grass plots, evidenced a woman's loving care, altho' the neighbors knew that no hands but Dan's ever touched them. They were, in a way, a memento,—a memento of the prettiest, neatest and sweetest little wife that ever graced the Patch.

Dan in his roystering wild bachelor days, had fallen in love with and married little Molly Shannon, and despite the croakings of the neighborhood pessimists, the marriage had proved a happy one, indeed. "As happy as Dan and Molly" came to be an example held up to the intending brides and grooms by the older married people of the "Patch." Dan *was* happy, so happy that it seemed to him no greater happiness could fall to the lot of mere mortals, but when little Dan came to them, big Dan's cup filled to overflowing, and so they lived and loved, these three—big Dan, little Dan and Molly—for three years, three years of Heaven to them all, and then came the tragedy that made Dan wifeless and little Dan motherless.

Big Dan did not give up the little home, and night and morning worked in the little front yard, caring

for the flowers, the walk and the grass plots, "fer th' sake av Molly." The Widow Rafferty, who lived next door to the lonely man and boy, kept a motherly eye on them both, and every day got little Dan ready for kindergarten, swept and dusted the little house and prepared their meals for them, ready for Dan's homecoming at night.

Big Dan's last view in the morning, as he turned the corner toward the mill, was of a little, red-haired, freckled-face,—screwed into semblance of woebegoneness, that made his big heart swell with sorrow, for all the love for Molly had centered on "th' kid," and to little Dan, big Dan was father, mother and all. Every night when Dan came around the corner he would see a little blue-aproned figure waiting at the front gate, and then the neighbors saw a little boy swung high in the air to light on a pair of giant shoulders. They saw a triumphant march to the cottage, and they heard a sounding smack as big Dan put the little fellow on the post on the porch while he opened the front door, then the grand entry into the little house, the kicking shut of the door, and supper.

One night as big Dan turned the corner his heart gave a great leap,—the little figure was not there. With a fear that almost paralyzed him he urged himself into a run and sprang up the steps of the little porch, opened the front door and gave a quick, anxious glance around the tiny sitting-room. With a great sigh of relief, he saw standing in a corner a pathetic little figure,—little Dan with his apron pulled up over his head, and his face to the wall, a punishment Molly had often inflicted, while from the sturdy little breast came catching sobs. Big Dan stood stock still, arms akimbo, and surveyed the pic-

ture, while from his face the anxious look slowly faded, to be replaced by a wide grin. After a silent moment he walked to the little sink, placed his tin dinner bucket under the spout, washed his face and hands with much sputtering, wiped them on the towel behind the pantry door, lighted the kitchen fire, pulled a chair in front of the stove, and waited. (*Sit down*).

"Come here! d'ye hear me? come here! see here, if I come for ye, ye'll came walkin' fast; putt yer apron down, putt it down. Fer th' love av' Hiven, luk at the kid; luk at th' eye av him. What ye been doin', huh? Ye been a fightin' agin, haven't ye? Ye been a fightin' agin, afther all I towld ye, an' afther all your mammy towld ye, to. Ain't ye shamed av' yerself, huh? Ain't ye? Who ye been fightin'? Who? Morris whosky? Oh, Michaelewsky, huh? Morris Michaelewsky, that's a great name! Did he hit ye wid his name er wid his fisht? Well, part av' his name's Irish and part Dago, but what iver his name is, he soaked ye good an' ha-ard. Luk at th' eye on him; ay, golly, luk at th' eye on him,—as black as Rafferty's cat. What did he hit ye for? Oho! because you hit him, huh? Well, what did ye hit him for?—What-at!! he called ye a rid-hided Mick; he called ye a rid-hided Mick! Well, what d'ye think av that? An' ye hit him, did ye? Good fer you, that's th' way; don't iver lit any wan call ye names; haul off an' soak him, lam him wan before he knows yer agoin'—there I go agin, that's the Irish, lovin' a schrap, and me a-teachin' th' kid to fight, afther all Molly towld him;—see here, kid fergit it; don't iver fight. Remimber what yer mammy towld ye—don't fight; av course, I don't want ye to run, but if any wan calls ye a 'rid-hided Mick,' don't hit him first;

call him sumthin' worse an' git him to hit you first. Then soak him, an' if he won't hit ye come home an' tell me an' I'll take it out av his daddy fer not teachin' his kids better manners. Well, which licked? Oh, you did, huh? My! my! you did: well, what did ye do to him? Ye hit him in th' eye—yes, an' yet soaked him on th' ear—yes, an' ye kicked him—what! ye kicked him on the shins—shame on ye—shame on ye, fer an O'Brien to kick. What ye want to do is put yer han's up like this, thin haul off wid yer left like this, thin whin he dodges, hit him wid yer right like—Oh me! oh my! there I go agin; no, kiddie, don't do nawthin' av th' kind. I guiss the bist thing you kin do is run—there, there, now sit up here, and I'll fix yer eye fer ye. I'll just put a wit cloth over it an' that'll take the' swellin' out av it. Oh, my, but it's black, ain't it?''

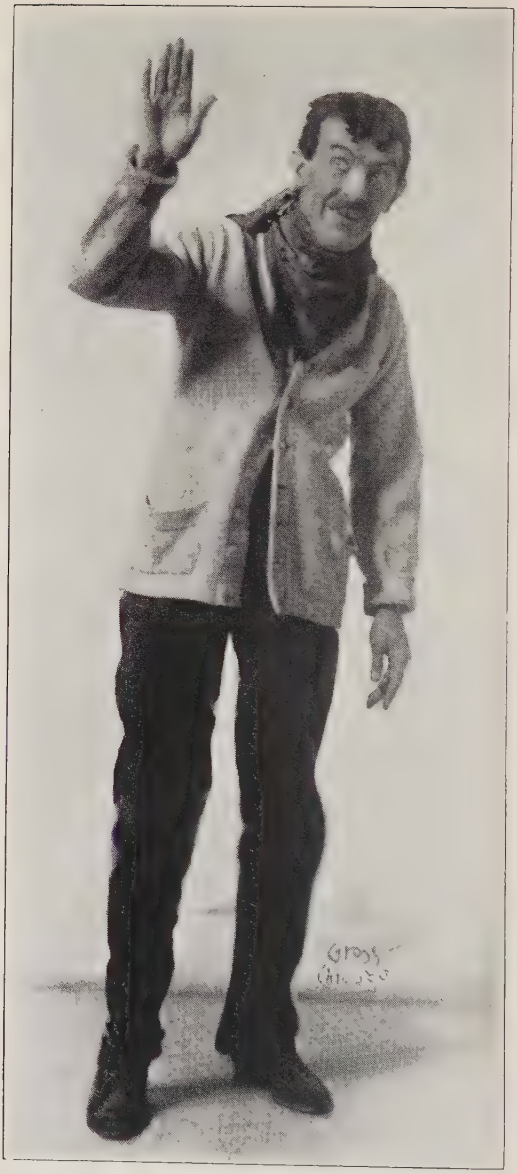
And talking to the little chap, he cheerily wet a cloth and bound it around the bruised little head and prepared the supper. When it was ready, the two sat down, the father at the head of the table and the little boy at his right, with a chair and a place ready at the opposite end, as Dan thought to himself, ''to make it look like she might come back sometime.'' After supper the big man cleared away the supper things and pulled his chair in front of the open door looking out on the tiny front yard, little Dan's uncovered eye watching the proceedings, and the little tongue clattering with details of the battle. But long before the nightly routine of domestic duties was finished, the little eyelids began to droop and the clatter died away. The sand man was busy with little Danny, so big Dan took him in his arms, and sitting in the open door, the two looked out into the twilight.

"Do ye know, Danny, I don't think God iver intended fer a man to putt a kid to slape. Cause why, sez you?—cause he didn't give him a lap to howld him on, ner a soft brist to rist his little hid on; nawthin' but a big hunk of muscle like a brick bat. My! my; but that's a bad eye ye've got; niver mind, it'll be well in a couple av days. Now, what do ye want daddy to do? Shall I tell ye a story, whistle fer ye, or sing ye a song? Oh! ye want me to sing fer ye, huh? I guiss ye bether let me whistle or tell ye a story. Ye see, th' neighbors might sind in a call for th' pathrol wagin if I sing. All right, all right, ye'r th' boss; what'll I sing?—'Th' purty gurl milkin' her cow,' 'Th' little owld rid fox,' er what? Huh? What's that?—No, Danny, no, I couldn't sing that if I thried it; there 'ud come a big lump in me throat an' I think I'd choke. That's the song yer mammy used to sing; don't ask me to, little man—Well, well, I'll thry it. Putt yer head down, so, now here she goes" (*clears his throat and starts in, voice pitched too high, breaks down*). "Ay, golly, I got that purty high" (*begins again in a lower key, and sings in the typical Celtic minor, not too loud and getting softer as the song progresses*).

Owld King Cole was a merry owld sowl,
An' a merry owld sowl wuz he;
He called fer his pipe an' he called fer his bowl
An' he called fer his fiddlers three-ee-ee,
(*pause*)
An' he called fer his fiddlers three.
(*long pause, staring straight ahead as though seeing visions, then taking it up again, not as a song, but in a soft Irish croon.*)
Hey, diddle, diddle, th' cat an' the fiddle,
— —Th' cow jumped over the moon— —

—Th' little dog laughed—to see such sport
——Th' dish ran away—wid th' spoon-oon-oon,
Th' dish —ran away—
(*The voice breaks with a choking sob, and silence falls as the man slowly drops his head onto his breast. His eye falls on the bandage over the discolored eye, and quietly, so that he will not awaken the sleeping boy, he whispers*): "He's gone to slape, poor kid—poor little motherless kid" (*then raises the bandage*)—"Ay, golly, but that's a bad eye on him" (*then softly rising, he crosses the room carrying the little boy, puts him on the bed, pulls the covers over and stands with arms akimbo, watching the sleeping child. Then, without changing the position of his body, his head slowly and reverently rises, while from the very depths of his soul, he prays*):

"O God, I'm nothin' but a rough Irish Mick, and I ain't a prayin' man. I don't think I iver prayed before; but, God, I want to make my bye a big, fine man; not a man like me, but a man like his mammy wanted him to be. I'm thryin' the bist I kin, but I don't know how, an' if ye'll hilp me, God, maybe th' two of us kin git him somewhere near what Molly wanted; help me, *plaze,* for Molly's sake. Amin."



ELIAS DAY
as
Giacomo—a young Italian

BATINE AND THE BABY

(*An Italian Sketch*)

(*Italian characteristics do not consist merely of leaving off a syllable here and there or the addition of an "a" once in a while; the whole vocabulary is unlike the English, or shall I say the American language? The inflections are different. I shall try to give the impressions I have received of the pronunciation but it is impossible to give the inflections. The Italians are a temperamental race, given to an exaggerated expression of their emotions,—their arms fly, their bodies are never still—their faces expressive of every slight emotion, their gestures illustrative. In fact, they are the antithesis of the Anglo Saxon or the Teutonic races. This sketch will fail of the desired effect unless these characteristics are brought out by the reader.*)

Giacomo Laggorio is a handsome young Italian, "fr'm de nort' of Rome." He is careful to tell you (*having a deep contempt for Neopolitan or the Sicilian*): "Look—see? you got deese a sem kin' in deese a country, wot you call 'no good'; well, it's jes sem in Italy,—dose no good over dere from Napoli or Sicily dey sen' over here, huh?"

Giacomo could not speak a word of English when he first landed in this country but after a year, working as a "pick and shovel man" on the railroad, he saved enough to start a little fruit stand near a large bank in Chicago. The clerks patronized him liberally, partly because he kept good fruit but more because he took their fearful and wonderful lessons in English thankfully and trustfully; consequently, his conversation was interlarded with many slangy

street phrases that added interest to an already curious language.

He prospered and at last rented a vacant store near his former stand over which was a five-room apartment. The clerks were curious to know why he wanted such a large place but their inquiries were met with winks and the information, "You wait, you see." They did see, for one day the store was closed all day and the next, they were introduced to a beautiful Italian girl, in this way, "Look, Keed! dese is my ball 'n chain. Some skirt! huh? 'Er name is Batine. Shake ees 'and, Tina!"— They lived together most happily and Giacomo continued to improve his vocabulary. One day, about a year after their marriage, the head clerk, Giacomo's best customer, was met with more smiles than usual, as he started to pick out his "two fer a nick" apples, but before he could reach them Giacomo stopped his hand, with:

"Wait a minit, Keed; you wantta buy some app dese morn' huh?—no sare, nobody buy any app off a me dese morn'. I geeve away deh whole blame biz dese a morn'. See? dees a nice a one, beeg, huh?—dats fer you. No sare, you can't pay fer 'eem. Dats a pres' off me. Sure! a—wot you call 'eem?—a birtday pres'—dats it, a birtday pres'.— No no! signore, dese a not my birtday. Huh?—no dese a not Batine's birtday,—dese a de bambino's birtday,—wot you call de baby's birtday. Huh? 'ow old is 'ee? wy dese is 'is birtday. 'ee's one— two— tree— four— five— seex— seven, (*counts on his fingers*) signore, 'ees seven 'our old (*grins delightedly as he shakes hands vigorously*). Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Gee! dat take you long time to catch on. Grazia! signore, grazia! 'Ees bout so beeg like a

dese, (*holds his hands about eighteen inches apart*) an' all de time 'ees make a de noise like a dese (*imitates a baby's cry at the same time making terrible faces.*) 'Ees 'ands dey won't go ware 'ee wants 'em to. You never see de new babe, huh? 'Ee wants to put 'is 'and in 'is mout an' 'ee most poke 'ees eye out,—see like a dese (*illustrates with the futile waving of the little closed fist of a three-day old baby*). You no got a de baby, huh? Oh, you ain't got a marry yet, huh? Never mind! some day you make a de mash on da good look girl like a Batine; den wen you get a marry you de beeg a man, you bet a my life, but wen you're de pa-pa, ah-h-h!! (*struts up and down the stage, thumbs in his arm holes*). Dese a man dat ain't got a marry, dey don't know any ting bout de babe, naw! I got a de brud Pietro; he ain't got a marry yet and dese a morn 'ees come to me an' 'ee say, 'I wantta look at de babe, Giacomo.' So I take 'im hup stairs an' show 'im de babe an' wot you tink 'ee say? Ee say, 'Look, Giacomo, look!! 'Ees got 'is eyes ope!!' Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ees tink ees like a de pup a dog; 'ees no got 'ees eye ope fer nine day yet. Dere's been nine, ten, 'leven old woman in dese morn.—Dey make a me sick!—dey look at a de babe like a deese (*illustrates*), den dey say, 'Oh!' de pretty babe, tst, tst.' Den dey tickle 'ees chin, like a deese (*illustrates*) an' say, 'Ees look jes' like ees pa pa.' Den I say, 'Dese a babe 'ee may look like a me but if I look like a 'im I'm goin' chase myself 'round de block.' Ees face it ain't so beeg like a my feest an' all wrinkle an' red.

"I don't care dough, deese a babe 'ees make ever body 'appy.—You know wen I wantta get marry—I never tell you 'bout deese,—Batine she say I must

ask 'er padre;—wot you call it?—dats it, 'er fader,—so she tell me ware she live an' I go dere an' I knock on de door. Signore, dere comes de beegist man I ever see, look, like a deese! (*illustrates by standing on his toes and reaching as high as he can*). An' ees face look a like deese all a de time ees got a de grouch. Ee say, 'Well, wot you want?' An' I say, 'Please, sare, I wantta get marry wid Batine.' Ee say, 'Oh! you wantta get marry wid Batine, huh? Well! 'Oo are you?' An' I say, 'Please sare, I'm Giacomo Laggorio.' An' ee say, 'Giacomo Laggorio, huh? I never 'eard of you. 'Ow much a mon you got, huh?' I say, 'I got a twent five dol.' 'Twent five dol, huh? Say! you gat a de crust. Jump queeck an' I'll 'elp you.' Den ee 'it me a keeck. Gee! I laff now but dat 'urt me den, you bet. Den Batin she say if ee don't let 'er get a marry wid me, she run away an' get a marry: an' ee say, if she run away ee'l never see or speak wid 'er again. Well, Signore, we run away an' get a marry an' de ol' man never see or speak wid 'er again. Well, we been real 'appy fer a long time, den one day I go up stairs I see Batine's eyes all been red. I say, 'Batine, you been cryin'!' She say, 'No, no, Giacomo, I not been cry,—I been peel a de onyu.' Den one night, Signore, I wake up an' Batine she don't know I been wake an' I 'ear 'er cry, cry so soft. Signore, dat make me feel bad, so I put my 'and on 'er an' say, 'Batine, won't you tell wot make you cry?' An' she say, 'Giacomo, you been a good man to me but I'm lonely; I want to see my padre; ees all I got a but you.'

"Well de nex' morn I go to see de ol' man again. I'm goin' to tell 'im bout Batine cry fer 'im, but

wen ee see 'oo it ees, before I can say someting, ees almost knock my block off.

"Ees 'ear 'bout de babe, dough. Deese morn, ven I'm hout 'ere sellin' de banan an' de app, de ol' man ees walk along de odder side de street. Wen ee see me look at eem, ee make a believe ees got a de biz down de street. I say, 'Ah! ol' man, I'm on to you. You 'eard 'bout you been gran' pop. I play de treeck hon you.' I wait 'til I see 'im come back, den I make believe I got de biz down de street. I peek round de corner an' wen de ol' man see I'm out a sight, ees go in de store an go to de foot de stairs. Batine she's sleep in de bed, de babe all wrap up in de blank at de foot de bed. De 'ol man ee listen, den look all round, ee don't see me 'idin' behind de orange box, den ee call soft: 'Batine!—Batine!' Wen she don't hansor ees creep hup stairs, an' I follow 'im. I see 'im go into de room hon ees teep a toe an' look down on de girl asleep,—ees girl! An' dere's two great beeg tear tear run down 'is cheek. Ees jus' goin' to touch 'er cheek wen ee see de babe: ee peeck hup de little babe in 'is harms an' 'old eem close—close like a deese (*illustrates*) wen wot you tink? 'Wah!—wah!—wah!' (*cries and wiggles his arms.*) Wot you tink? Ees got a de babe down side hup! ha, ha, ha, ha! Dat wake hup Batine an' she's look hup an 'old 'er 'ands hup like a deese an' 'er eyes get a so beeg an' all she say is: 'Padre—padre!' Den de ol' man get so excite ees kiss me.

"Look a down de street dere, Signore,—see de beeg a man wid de fur cap? Huh, huh, dat's eem! Ees goin' to de store to buy a new push a go cart fer de babe. Good a morn Signore!"

WHISTLING JACK.

(*This sketch was written for John Qualen. It is fine for a whistler who can play piano moderately well.*)

He was six feet, three inches tall, lank, gaunt, stoop-shouldered, with hands that hung down to his knees. I should say he was about thirty-four, and had enlisted at a Southern recruiting office. His name on the roll read John Henry Abernathy. He couldn't read and he couldn't write. He made no friends and very seldom did anyone ever hear him speak.

He seemed to be the hardest man to drill in the whole Company; he simply couldn't learn to step off with the left foot, and as for military etiquette, he never could be broken of the habit of saying, "Yes sir, Mr. Captain." "Mr. Captain" seemed to be as necessary as the salute. In training camp, he was always on K. P. and his hands, as big as hams, soon developed into the most expert potato peelers in the whole Company. No one ever saw him smile; he made no friends, and after one or two attempts on the part of the other men to guy him, they gave it up as a bad job. He only looked at them with his watery blue eyes with a surprised stare. His uniform never fitted, and he could never understand the necessity of a shave. After a while, his taciturnity gained for him the name of "Silent Jack."

He did seem to enjoy music, for the nights at the huts, he'd be seated in the very back, his long legs wound around the legs of a chair, his little eyes roving around the room, and ears open to every note that was being sung or played. We had in the Com-

pany, a shave-tail that was probably the best liked man in the whole battalion, Conway by name. Now "Con" was about as opposite to "Silent Jack" as could be imagined. He was the son of a wealthy New York family, a graduate of Yale, a musician with a beautiful tenor voice, straight as a sapling, considerate of his men, a fine instructor, in fact,—all that a good young officer should be. In the huts at night, "Con," as the other officers called him, was always at the piano leading the singing and doing everything that an officer should not do according to regulations; in fact, his Captain remonstrated with him numerous times, saying that his familiarity would soon breed the contempt of the men, but after observing very closely, he came to the conclusion that there was no familiarity,—only respect and love. In fact, the Lieutenant's platoon was the most soldierly, the neatest, the cleanest, the most alert, the best trained platoon in the whole regiment,—in the whole division, for that matter.

"Con" had often noticed the quiet, silent mountaineer, and numerous times had tried to draw him out. His attempts were met with the same taciturnity, although there was always a respectful, "Yes sir, Captain," for "Silent Jack" could never distinguish between the ranks of the officers. These attempts on the part of "Con" after a while gained some results. One night at retreat, "Con" was seated in his quarters writing a letter home when there was a knock at the door, and on the invitation to come in, the slouching figure of "Silent Jack" entered. Instead of the military salute, he stood in an unsoldierly attitude fumbling his hat. "Con" regarded him for a moment and then said, "Well

Abernathy, what can I do for you?" "Please sir, Mr. Captain, I am getting mighty tired of peeling potatoes. I know I ain't no soldier, and it just seems like I can't learn, and I am wondering, sir, whether you wouldn't kind of take me in charge and let me work for you." "Work for me, my boy, there isn't any work that I can give you." "Yes sir, Captain, I know that, but you see the reason I enlisted, I ain't got any kinsfolk. I came from way back in the mountains and I jest don't seem to get on to this game, and I thought may be if you could let me work around for you, I could get to be a better soldier." And so it came about that "Con" adopted the silent mountaineer, making a special position for him as orderly to the Lieutenant. The Captain winked at it, having faith that "Con" knew what he was doing. The surprise came to the men after a while when they saw "Silent Jack" begin to straighten up; his uniform began to fit; he was clean-shaven, and altogether began to look like a soldier. When off duty, "Con" patiently taught his willing pupil reading and writing, and the strangest friendship that was ever known in the A. E. F. was developed. To the other men, "Jack" was as silent as ever, but his monosyllables had a snap to them that denoted the mental change of the man. The surprise of the entire Company came when one night over in the hut, during a concert that "Con" had taken charge of, he announced that "Silent Jack" would entertain the men for a moment or two, and seating himself at the piano, he motioned for the tall figure to come forward. Jack, obedient to the command, came and stood by the side of the figure at the piano. He gave one glance at the assembled Company, the blood

mounted to his face, then he turned his back squarely to them. The Lieutenant struck a couple of preliminary chords, and the hut was flooded with a melody that was most surprising. It was the old, old tune of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and after it was finished, imitation of every bird in the forest. Amid tumultous applause, he sat down, and after that no concert was complete without "Silent Jack's" whistling specialty.

The world had opened up a new vista to "Silent Jack," although he could never overcome his bashfulness. The men looked on him with a different aspect, and began to understand him.

The regiment landed at Bordeaux and there "Con's" hands were more than filled with the details of unloading. His orderly was always by his side; his gorilla-like arms were worth ten of the negro stevedore's. The lazy mountaineer had developed into an alert, commanding soldier, and then came the Corporal's chevrons, and in due course of time, the Sergeant's. The men respected him, and after a while, patterning after "Con" in his care of his men, they began to love him, and when at last the men were ordered to the front, there was no man who led his platoon better than "Jack." When the regiment was taken out, sadly depleted in numbers, on the march back to the billet,—drooping in spirits, flagging in their footsteps, fearful in mind,—from the center of their Company, a flood of melody burst forth, and through the dark, there came the whistling call of the quail, the whippoorwill. At last there came the wonderful strains of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." One by one, the men joined in the melody; their shoulders straightened; their packs

lightened,—and so they came into the billet, every man's lips puckered. From that night on, the Company began to be known as "Whistling F." When they went back into the trenches for the first charge at Chapilly Ridge, waiting for zero hour to go over the top, the Lieutenant wandered past Jack's platoon. The men were waiting, and Jack, going up and down, was examining a rifle here, patting a frightened boy on the back there, loosening a belt here, but always silent. "Con" came up and the two men faced each other for a moment. Neither spoke, but the hands came together in one firm clasp, and "Con" passed on. As he started away, Jack spoke, "Jest a minute, Lieutenant, please sir, I ain't never talked much, but I want you to know if anything happens that you done made a man of me. I reckon it is because you are the first real man I ever knew." "Same to you Jack," said "Con," "you helped to make a man of me." "Thank you Captain, please sir." At last the fateful order came. The Lieutenant was the first man over, followed as closely as possible by Jack. None of the men have ever been able to describe that run; they dropped like flies; they advanced two yards and rested ten yards and dropped; then twenty yards, but always the Lieutenant and Jack urging them on. Jack right behind "Con" went out among his men, the other on the left figure in front. Suddenly, he saw the Lieutenant stop, spin around like a top, but before he fell, Jack's protecting arm was around him, "For God's sake, don't fall, Cap, keep your feet, I am going to take care of you." "Go on with the men, I'll take care of myself." "You ain't fit, Captain. Here, you lay down," and propping "Con" behind a

sheltering tree, he hastily examined him and found that a bullet had gone through his shoulder. After giving first aid, he tried to regain his men. They tell in the Company yet how the big mountaineer, failing to find his platoon, with rage in his heart at the hounds that had dared to even shoot at his beloved officer, he captured one machine gun by himself, killing six of the Huns, and started back with ten captives. Coming up with a group of returning stretcher bearers, he gave the command to his prisoners to halt, turned his captives over to them, and as straight and as soldierly as though he were on parade, turned his face toward the enemy again. He must have been mortally wounded even then, although nobody noticed it. As soon as his comrades and their Captain were out of sight, he sank to the ground, and then with a woodman's instinct, began his slow crawl toward a certain tree.

"Con," seated behind a tree and a little out of the line of the returning men, had waited patiently for the stretcher bearers, but none came. As night lowered, an intense loneliness began to oppress him. The wound pained; it was unbearable. He called faintly, but there was no answer. His throat became parched; he attempted to crawl toward camp, but the dragging limb gave him such excruciating agony that he fainted. Then like a tired child, he began to whimper. The darkness of the woods began to frighten him. Not knowing his position, he was afraid to call too loudly for fear the enemy might hear him. By painful inches, he managed to regain the sheltering tree from which he had gone only five or six yards. He became conscious, through a fitful stupor, of a movement near him. Peering through

the dark, he saw something coming toward him. It looked like a dog—a wounded dog,—no, it was a man on all fours. "Who's there?" he called. "Thank God, is that you Lieutenant, please sir?" "Jack?" "Yes sir, Captain, its me." "What are you doing here?" "I reckon Captain, I done got mine and I jest couldn't go West without you. I picked up some water for you, because I know you are thirsty." By that time, the crawling figure had reached him, and the grateful gurgle of water cooling a parched throat,—a draught from heaven—passed through his parched lips. "I ain't met airy a soul since I started for you lieutenant, but I reckon if you jest wait here quiet 'til daylight, they will find us. I want you to lay down here." Pulling himself up by desperate effort, he propped himself against the tree, and putting the lieutenant's tired head into his lap, like a mother speaking to a child, he said, "Now you all go to sleep." Gratefully the wounded officer rested his head and then a song so sweet and so low that it could scarcely be heard, the lullaby of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" sounded through the dark wood, and so they found them the next morning. The lieutenant sleeping like a little child, and "Silent Jack" in that deeper sleep that knows no awakening.

It was two months later in a "Y" hut, where the men had congregated for a concert, that a tall, worn young lieutenant on crutches entered the room and in a lull peglegged over to the piano, and sitting down let his hands wander idly over the keys for a moment. There was a hush, for "Con" was an artist, and this was the song he played and whistled. (*Play and whistle "Listen to the Mocking Bird."*)

After it was finished, quietly he stood up and he said, "Men, some of you know why I played this. Its a tribute to the bravest, the finest man that ever wore an American uniform and I just call it a requiem."

Elias Day
as
Dennis MacCarty

DENNIS MacCARTY ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

Dennis MacCarty was a dear, little, old Irishman, who kept the railroad crossing at Division street in Paterson, New Jersey. The children all loved Dennis, because Dennis loved the children; his greatest delight was to get two or three little fellows into his shanty and tell them stories or sing the Irish songs.

Dennis had been working for the railroad for forty years, so the railroad pensioned him. With the money he built himself a neat little cottage and with the help of his two old maid daughters, who kept the house for him, he lived a life of ease.

After a year of this inaction, Dennis came to the conclusion that, like a great many Irishmen in this country, politics was his real vocation in life, so he industriously ran for office, but that's all he ever did do; he just ran for office, he never caught it. At last the citizens, thinking Dennis's perseverance was worthy of reward, elected him to an office where they knew he could do no damage,—School Trustee, the zero of office holding. Dennis made a good trustee, because he let the superintendent and teachers run the schools, while he looked wise and said nothing.

Dennis was an inveterate reader of Ancient History which he would retail to the children in very modern form, possibly to bring the stories within their limited comprehension. One day, while we were having the usual Friday afternoon "Exercises," the trustees, Dennis among them, filed in, and took their seats on the platform. After a few songs and recitations, the President of the Board

arose and announced, "Children, Trustee MacCarty has asked the privilege of speaking to you on Ancient History. I must ask your earnest attention." Dennis came forward, looked solemnly at us for a moment, then his face broke into a grin, as he said, "Well, kiddies, I'm glad tuh see yez all. I know purty near all av yez by sight, an' I know yer daddies, too, but I won't tell yez what I know about thim, —I might want tuh run fer this office agin.

"I been sittin' here a good many afthernoons, listenin' tuh me brother thrustees an' th' words av wisdom as has come from th' mouths av thim, an' I've come tuh th' conclusion that th' greaat thruble wid modern eddication is, 'tis all facts an' figgers an' there's no romance to it; like Columbus discovered Amerikee, July forth 1776, an' they ixpict that tuh stick in your cocos an' it won't do it, will it kiddies? Now lissen, there's a story about th' way Columbus discovered Amerkee an' I'm goin' tuh tell it tuh yez, but niver mind th' date.

"This happened a graate minny years ago, long before yer daddies were born; there wuz a man who lived in a town called Spain an' that's across th' wather somewhere, but niver mind where. Well, annyhow this man's name wuz Christopher Clumbus, an' yez want tuh remimber that. Well, as near as I kin maake out, this Clumbus man had had a job under th' City Administration in the police department. He wuz a plain close detecative, always huntin' fer some thin' an' niver bein' able tuh find it. Well, annyhow, th' administration changed an' th' Jimmicrets got in power, an' he lost his job, an' havin' no other trade, he came near starvin' tuh dith, he did that. Well, wan mornin' he wuz standin' on a street corner in Spain, leanin' agin a hydrant,

an' he sez tuh himsilf, 'By golly! if I don't git somethin' tuh eat tuh day, I'll starve tuh dith.' Thin, all av a sudendt a t'ot sthruck 'm. 'By golly,' he sez, 'I'll bet if I had a boaat I cud discover Amerikee.' While he wuz t'inkin' that there wuz a taxi drove along th' street, an' who do yez t'ink wuz in it? Youse'll niver guiss, so I'll tell yez; it wuz th' king an'—an'—an' th' missus King av Spain, an' Clumbus knowed 'em—He'd met 'em at a Knight's av Clumbus picanic a couple av weeks before. Th' minnit he seed 'em he sez, 'By golly, thim's thim,' an' he whisseled on his fingers like this (*illustrates*) an' they heard 'im an' they driv up an' sez, 'Ye whisseled to us, now what do youse want av us?' An' Clumbus, knowin' th' respict due tuh ryalty in thim days, bowed low like this, (*illustrates*) an' sez, 'How de do, King, how de do Missus King,' an' wishin' tuh be polite sez, 'An' how's all th' little Kings? I called yez over tuh lit yez know if yez'll give me a boaat I kin discover Amerikee fer yez.' Well they wanted Amerikee, but they were busted too. They had been fightin' th' trusts. 'Tis what Histry sez, 'They were Fightin' th' Moors.' Anny wan that fights Jedge Moore an' his brother av th' Rosk Islan' Road 'll be busted in no time.

"Well she tuk her jools tuh a pawnbroker an' he gave her a lot av money fer thim, an' she sez, 'Here noble man,' she sez, 'take this money,' she sez, 'an' build a boaat,' sez she, 'an' discover Amerikee,' she sez. So Clumbus built a greaat big fine boaat, yez kin see in th' pictures. But here's where he made his mistake. Whin he hired his sailors, unbeknownst tuh him they wuz all Union Min. So they sailed an' sailed an' they didn't discover anny-

thing. At last th' sailors sthruck an' they told Clumbus that if he didn't discover Amerikee in three days they wuz goin' tuh walk out on him, so he had tuh promise thim eight hours a day an' double pay fer over-time; that satisfied thim an' they tuk an ole sailor man an' stuck him in a barrel on top av th' mast an' give him a spy-glass an' tole him tuh keep it goin' like this, (*illustrates by sweeping an imaginary spy-glass from East to West*) an' wan day he stuck his hand up tuh his mouth and yells, 'LAND HO!' an' th' sailors came runnin' up an' lined up th' side av th' vissle an' Clumbus came up an' sez, 'Stand back Min, I'm captain here; give me that spy-glass.' An' he tuk th' spy-glass an' looked tru' it an' sez, 'Min, as I live, 'tis Amerikee. Yes sir, there's th' Brooklyn Bridge!' An' standin' on th' dock wuz Injuns, tousans an' tousans av Injuns, an' th' minnit Clumbus see thim he sez, 'Min, thim's Injuns.' An' th' min sez, 'How do ye know? ye niver heard av Injuns before? An' Clumbus sez, 'I know I niver did, but they look like 'em.' So tey driv th' ship up tuh th' dock, an' standin' in front av all th' other Injuns wuz th' Injun Chief, an' Clumbus knowed he wuz th' chief. 'Cause why?' sez you. 'Because,' sez I, 'he had a tommyhawk in this hand raised above his head, like this, (*illustrates*) an' a bunch av seegars in this, (*stands like a statue for moment, such as used to be seen in front of cigar stores*). Clumbus walked up tuh him an' sez, 'Yez are Injuns?' an' th' chief sez, 'Ye bet yer life we are,' an' Clumbus sez, ' 'Tis Amerikee?' an' th' chief sez, 'Ye bet yer life it is, an' I know who you are, yer Clumbus, th' man they cabled us about.' Then they shook hands an' th'

chief stepped back an' sez, 'Now min all together, 'HOORAY ! HOORAY! HOORAY! thank Hiven! at last we are discovered.'

"There Kiddies, that's th' way Clumbus discovered Amerikee, an' niver mind th' date."

POTATO SOUP.

Cast of Characters:—

Mrs. Timothy Foley (*the mother*).
Timmy Foley (*her crippled boy*).
Mary Jane Foley (*her daughter*).
Scene—A poorly furnished interior.

Mrs. F. (*Singing*)

'Tis the most distressing country
That ever yet was seen,
They're hanging men and women
For the wearing of the green.

One, two, three. Three potatoes, till I start workin' again. One, two, three, four, five, six. Six meals out of three potatoes. Well, two will have to be enough for today. (*Potato drops to the floor.*) Lay there, you old omadahan. Sure, you act as if you were alive. You'll be dead enough when Timmy gets back with the cup of milk he's borrowin' from Mrs. Flanagan. (*Sings, goes to pantry.*) (*Goes to door.*) Timmy—Oh, Timmy! Aw, there he comes now. Look at him, poor little chap. Come on in here. How do you expect me to get your dinner till you get back with that milk? (*Timmy enters.*) Where's the milk?

Timmy: She wouldn't give me any.

Mrs. F. She wouldn't give you any? Why wouldn't she give you any?

T. She says you owe her too much already. She says you must think she's a cow.

Mrs. F. Hm'—Begorra she's wrong. I think she's a hog. And where's the bread? And me only

owin' her thirty-two cups. I've kept absolute track of it.

T. She wouldn't give me any either. She says you owe her eight loaves already.

Mrs. F. Eight loaves! Mother o' mercy. Sure, it's only six. I don't suppose Mrs. Donovan would give you any tea? Well, I don't know as I blame her,—me owin' her nineteen draws already.

T. Aw, Ma, what are we goin' to have for dinner?

Mrs. F. Somethin' you'll never guess.

T. Liver and bacon?

Mrs. F. No, guess again.

T. Ham and eggs?

Mrs. F. Better than that. Guess again.

T. Oh, I know. Ice cream.

Mrs. F. No. I'll tell you what it is. It's potato soup. And the finest potato soup you ever ate, barrin' the fact that there ain't no milk for it, but there's plenty of water and lots of salt and pepper.

T. Aw, rats! I'm sick and tired of potato soup. It's all we've had for four days now.

Mrs. F. There, there, boy, don't cry. Look out, Timmy, don't let the potatoes see you cry. Timmy, did you ever hear the story of how the potatoes got their eyes? Come on over here and sit down by your mammy and she'll tell you all about it.

Once there was a little bit of a fairy. Sure he wasn't any bigger than your mammy's thumb, but he had the most elegant clothes,—a pair of little short trousers buttoned at the knees with three gold buttons, and he wore a pair of elegant gray worsted stockings and on his feet, some little brogans. And he had a green silk vest with real diamond buttons on it, and a long-tailed claw-hammer coat of red

velvet; and on his head he wore a little plug hat, cocked over on one side with a sprig of shamrock in it. Sure, and by the elegant costume that he wore, you could tell that he was king of the fairies. And he held his court beside a beautiful pool.

T. How big was the pool?

Mrs. F. Oh, it was about as big as your mammy's dish-pan, and every morning he'd run and jump in the pool and take a swim. And he issued an order that while he was takin' his swim that all of his subjects were to stay in their acorn shells.

T. Acorn shells?

Mrs. F. Yes, acorn shells, because them was their houses. But one mornin' when he came out from his swim, he saw two eyes peekin' out at him from behind a leaf and it got him so mad that he took his little sword and put out both the eyes. And every mornin' after that the same thing would happen till finally there wasn't a one of them left that had their eyesight left. And then, not knowin' what to do with them, the little king changed them all into June bugs, and that's the reason that from that day to this all the June bugs go bumpin' around against each other. And then when they were June bugs, they couldn't find him anything to eat, and so the little king had to go all thru the country lookin' for somethin' to eat and he'd go thru the brambles and bushes and they'd tear his clothes till finally he didn't have a stitch left on him. And the little king kept gettin' hungrier and hungrier and fraider and fraider till finally he dug himself a little hole in the ground. And then he'd just stick his head up, every now and then, and if anyone was lookin' he'd pull it in again and even at night there was the glow worms and the lightnin' bugs and the owls,

and the little king kept gettin' thinner and thinner and scareder and scareder and he kept diggin' deeper and deeper till finally he came to somethin' kinda hard. Well, it wasn't very hard, cause it was kinda soft,—well, anyway it made him a fine bed to lie down on, and then the little king began to cry and he said, "Oh, dear, I'm so hungry and I'm so fraid somebody will see me". And all of a sudden, a great big voice said, "What's the matter little man?" "Oh, dear, somebody's seein' me." "Sure, how can I see you when I haven't any eyes, but if you're hungry, dig a little deeper, cause I'm good to eat." And the little king did as he was told, and the juice of the thing quenched his thirst, and the flesh of it gave him strength. And then the big voice said in a kindly kind of way. "Are you feelin' better, little man?" "Yes, I am, and thank you very much." "Well, then, what are you cryin' for?" "Cause I haven't any clothes, and I'm so afraid somebody will see me." "Well, I'll tell you what you do. Wait your chance and when nobody's lookin', climb up to the top of the hole and pick off two of me leaves and one of me blossoms. One of me leaves will make you a fine pair of breeches and the other one will make you a fine jacket, and you can wear me blossom for a hat." And the little king did what he was told, and when he was all dressed up, he looked so fine that he wanted the big voice to see him. "Look at me, how grand I look." "Sure and how can I see you when I haven't any eyes." "Well then, I'll give you some eyes." And the little king gave the big voice a pair of eyes and you should have seen it look at him. "And what's your name?" "Sure, I haven't any name." "Well, then I'll give you a

name. Since you kept me from starvin' to death and gave me such a fine potation, I'm going to call you potato." So now, Timmy, you see the potato kept the king from starvin' to death and it may be what it'll do for us if we don't hear from Mary Jane pretty soon.

Mrs. F. I don't know, but here's her letter.

"Dear Mother:—I graduated to-day and have received my diploma. The dress you sent me was lovely and no one looked nicer than I did. There were three managers present and one of them wants to see me to-morrow. Please don't call me Mary Jane any more. I've decided to call myself Elaine.

With hugs and kisses for Timmy,

Mary Jane or Elaine."

T. Turn over.

Mrs. F. Sure, what I want to be turnin' over for?

T. No, turn over on the paper.

Mrs. F. Aw, now, you're gettin' smart, too, ain't you? Why would I want to be turnin' over on the paper?

T. No, no, turn the paper over.

Mrs. F. Oh, you are the bright lad now, ain't you. (*Turns letter over.*)

"I'll be home Wednesday noon on the 12:10 train. Have Timmy meet me at the station. I want a piece of mother's lemon meringue pie." Sure and look how she's got it spelled. I bet she means meringue. Let's see what time it is—11:30. Here, Timmy boy, here's your cap. Go down to the store and beg, borrow or steal something to eat.

T. Aw, Ma, why can't we buy something to eat? We used to before Mary Jane went away.

Mrs. F. Sit down there, Timmy, and I'll tell you

why. We'll put this chair where the piano used to be. You see your mother never had a chance so I made up my mind that when my Mary Jane got old enough she was going away to school and be educated like the best of them. And you're goin' to be a fine young man, too, Timmy boy. Everything would be all right now if the government would send me the money they say they're goin' to give me for givin' them your pap. Glory Be! I'd never have let Mary Jane go a step if I'd thought we wouldn't have got the money before this. I guess everything would be all right now if it hadn't been for your accident.

T. I couldn't help getting hurt, could I?

Mrs. F. Sure you couldn't. It ain't that I'm blamin' you for. I'm just blamin' you for not gettin' the car number.

T. How could I get the car number when I was knocked senseless?

Mrs. F. So was the man that knocked you senseless. But glory be! Mary Jane's comin' home. Now let's see. We'll have to break it to her gently. First, we'll tell her about the piano, then we'll tell her that her bed's sold and that you and I have to sleep together. Then we'll tell her about me workin', and that we're only got two potatoes for dinner, and maybe by that time, she'll be able to stand you. Now, Timmy boy, you freshen up your face a bit and I'll go down to the store and see if I can get somethin' to eat. And if she comes before I get back, keep your back to the place where the piano used to be. (*Exit.*)

T. (*Washes and dries and looks for Mary Jane.*) Here she comes, here she comes. (*Hides.*)

(*Enter Mary Jane*)—Mammy, Mammy, Timmy.

T. Boo!

M. J. Why, Timmy Foley, how you scared me. Oh, I'm so glad to see you. (*Crutch drops.*) Why, Timmy, wat's the matter?

T. I got hurted.

M. J. Hurted? Why, what do you mean, you got hurted?

T. I got knocked down by an automobile and it broke my hip.

M. J. But you're all right now?

T. No, the doctor said I wouldn't be all right till I have an operation.

M. J. Poor little fellow, come over her and sit down by sister and tell her all about it. Does it hurt much now?

T. Sure it does, but I don't cry as much as I used to cause Mammy says soldiers' sons don't cry. She said it didn't make any difference if I did have to walk lame all the rest of my life, it wouldn't be any worse than a lot of other soldiers that come home from the war.

M. J. Timmy, where is Mammy?

T. She went down to McCarthy's grocery store to see if she could get trusted for something for dinner.

M. J. Trust? Why what do you mean? Timmy, where's the piano?

T. (*Runs to place where piano was.*) She told me not to let you see it. It's sold.

M. J. Sold? Why?

T. So you could graduate.

M. J. Didn't Mammy get my letter?

T. Yep.

M. J. Well, why wasn't she down to the station to meet me?

T. I told you she went over to McCarthy's grocery store to try and get trusted for something to eat.

M. J. Timmy, come over here and tell me all about it. Commence right at the beginning and tell sister everything that happened since I left.

T. Well, when pa didn't come back from the war, why the Government they stopped sending Ma his allowance. She says she guesses they don't care if she never gets it. But she was bound you was going to have your chance so she commenced selling things off. Then she got a job.

M. J. Mammy, a job?

T. Yes, she works two days a week. She used to work pretty near every day and then work commenced getting slack and now she only works two days a week and they only give her five dollars a day. I guess with the doctor bills and your bein' away to school and the rent and everything, we're about busted. I wouldn't care about anything only I get sick and tired of potato soup, especially when they ain't any milk in it.

M. J. Potato soup without milk?

T. That's all we've had for four days now. But we have four square meals a week and that's on the days when Ma works and she buys the stuff down town those days so McCarthy can't take her money for what she owes him.

M. J. My God!

T. What's the matter?

M. J. Timmy, can you walk fast?

T. Gimme them crutches and I'll show you how fast I can go.

M. J. Here, Timmy, I have a job. Take this money and go down to any grocery store except McCarthy's and buy anything you want for dinner.

T. Liver and bacon?

M. J. Pounds of it.

T. Ham?

M. J. Ham and eggs.

T. Ice cream?

M. J. Ten quarts of it. Buy everything in the store.

T. Everything?

M. J. Everything.

T. Oh, gee. (*Exit.*) (*Comes back.*)

T. Say, can I buy some candy?

M. J. Yes, Timmy, and get some tea for Mammy. And oh, Timmy, if you meet Mammy don't tell her anything about it. We'll keep it for a surprise for her. (*Exit Timmy.*)

T. (*off stage*) Say, I don't have to buy any potatoes, do I?

M. J. No. (*Picks up suit case, etc., and goes behind screen to change dress.*) (*Enter Mrs. Foley.*)

Mrs. F. Timmy! Timmy;—Oh, I suppose he's gone to the station to meet her. Oh, my God, what have I done that I should be treated like this. Me, that was so proud and held my head so high, can't be trusted for a cent.

M. J. Mammy!

Mrs. F. Mary Jane, Mary Jane!

M. J. Mammy, what are you cryin' for?

Mrs. F. Sure, darlin', it's just the tears of joy for your bein' home.

M. J. Look here, Mammy, what were you cryin' about?

Mrs. F. It's just for the joy of seein' you again, —and the sorrow, too.

M. J. Mammy, where's the piano?

Mrs. F. Sold.

M. J. And where's all the rest of our nice furniture?

Mrs. F. Sold.

M. J. And Mammy, why weren't you down to the station to meet me?

Mrs. F. Sure I had to be gettin' dinner,—or tryin' to get it.

M. J. Where is the dinner?

Mrs. F. Sold—or I mean, I'll be gettin' it right away.

M. J. What are we going to have for dinner?

Mrs. F. Somethin' fine. Guess.

M. J. Liver and onions?

Mrs. F. Better than that. Guess again.

M. J. Ham and eggs?

Mrs. F. No. Guess again.

M. J. Ice cream?

Mrs. F. No, I'll tell what it is. 'Tis potato soup. But Mary Jane, where's the fine dress I sent you?

M. J. Sold.

Mrs. F. And the pretty hat?

M. J. Sold. And Mammy, what would you say if I should tell you that I hadn't made a success?

Mrs. F. Why, I'd say, all right, if you'd done the best you could.

M. J. And if I should come home to get a job in the laundry.

Mrs. F. I'd say, you'd do nothin' of the kind. You might get a job teachin' school.

M. J. Why Mammy, that's a poorer paid job than working in the laundry.

Mrs. F. Yes, but it's genteel.

M. J. That's just the trouble—the more genteel the job, the less the pay.

Mrs. F. Ain't it the truth?

M. J. But we needn't worry now that we're all here together again. And Timmy must be getting to be a big boy by now.

Mrs. F. Oh, Mary Jane, that's the worst of it.

M. J. Worst of what?

Mrs. F. Oh, I don't know how to tell you, Mary Jane.

M. J. Why, isn't he a big boy? Where is he now?

Mrs. F. Oh, I suppose he's gone to the station to meet you and missed you.

T. (*Outside*) Hey, come down here and help me carry up these things.

Mrs. F. There he is now.

M. J. Now, Mammy, you sit right here in this chair and cover up your head in your apron. Now don't you dare peek. (*Exit. Comes in with Timmy with basket of groceries.*)

M. J. There, Mammy, now look.

Mrs. F. Ham — bread — liver — tea — potatoes. (*Picks up potatoes and throws them out door.*) Sure if the potatoes have eyes, I hope they can see what I'm doin' to 'em. (*Goes back to table, looks at basket, starts to cry.*)

M. J. There, there, Mammy, we didn't want to surprise you that way.

Mrs. F. Sure, it's just the tears of joy for havin' somethin' to eat again.

M. J. There, now Mammy, you start the supper and then I'll tell you all about my new job. You

needn't help, Timmy, you just sit down there in that chair.

T. Aw, gee, I can walk faster than you can with my crutches.

M. J. Yes, and you're goin' to be able to walk faster than I can without them, too.

T. I've got to go to the hospital and have an operation first.

Mrs. F. He would have gone to the hospital long ago if it hadn't been for the money. He could have gone to the county hospital, but only the shanty Irish go there. So you've got a job, Mary Jane. Tell me all about it.

M. J. I'm going out in a company with three other girls and we're going to give plays, and sing and tell stories, and all that. And I'm going to get $50.00 a week.

Mrs. F. Oh, you mean $50.00 a year.

M. J. No, $50.00 a week, and I'm going to tell the manager about Timmy and maybe he'll lend me enough money right away so Timmy can go to the hospital.

T. Oh, there's the postman. (*Brings in letters.*) Two letters.

Mrs. F. Mrs. T. Foley, Oak Street, Chicago. What do you suppose it can be?

M. J. Suppose you open it and find out.

Mrs. F. Here, you open it.

M. J. Mrs. T. Foley, Oak St., Chicago. Dear Madam: Enclosed please find check for $10,000.00 amount of your husband's life insurance policy.

Respectfully,

A. R. Adams,

Sec. of Treas., Wash., D. C.

Mrs. F. Huh! So they sent it at last.

T. Here's another one.

Mrs. F. Huh! I'll open this one myself. Another check. This is too much—$5,000.00.

Mrs. T. Foley, Oak St., Chicago. Dear Madam: Pursuant to an order from one of our clients we are enclosing a check for $5,000.00 to pay in a small part for the injuries caused by his automobile to your little boy, Timmy. He also instructs us to inform you that he will pay all hospital expenses incurred in curing the boy.

Respectfully yours,

SCHAYER & JOHNSON,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Mrs. F. $10,000—$5,000. Timmy a well boy, Mary Jane, oh, me!—Somethin's burnin'.

T. What is it, the ham?

M. J. What can it be, Mammy?

Mrs. F. No, thank God, it's the potato soup.

ELIAS DAY
as
Herr Professor Josseffy Seetheking

A DESCRIPTIVE SYMPHONY

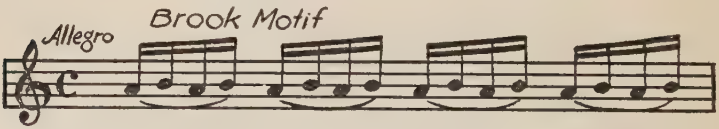
(*This number is a burlesque on the composer who explains his own composition: its themes and motifs, and who becomes so enthusiastic that he tries to act all the incidents. Burlesque, to be artistic must be serious. Artistic burlesque consists in doing a silly thing in a serious way. This is the opposite of the general conception of burlesque. You will notice in the picture that accompanies this sketch,—I have made the character resemble the great Paderewski in his younger days. The following is my version of a sketch given for many years by numerous impersonators*).

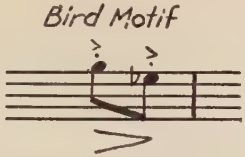
A few years ago I was invited to attend a "Musicale" on the south side in the city of Chicago, the artist announced being no other than the Polish pianist, Herr Professor Josseffy Seetheking. I was allowed to take a young friend with me. Neither of us had ever attended a "Musicale", and we had a very hazy idea as to what we were going to listen. My young friend was game. When we were ushered into the drawing room we were handed a printed program. He scanned it, yawned and said, "I see the first number is a noctaroon by Batch (Bach). I didn't correct him. I knew he meant *Botch*. Professor Seetheking was a dapper little man with a great deal of hair. (I have never been able to decide in my own mind whether hair is the result of music, or music is the result of hair). After the professor had played his first number, which took about twenty minutes, three people applauded; the rest of us would have applauded had we been sure he was

through. Then he came forward, hurriedly, in order not to lose the encore, and said:

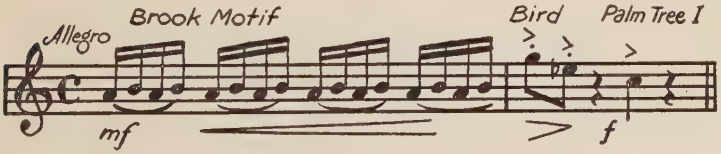
"Ladies an' chentlemen, I sank you for de greaat appreseasion you have show for de moosic I have play for you. As a encore I will play a leetle composition off my own. I call dis a deescriptive sympasy, opus 28. Perhaps some of you have nevare heered a descriptive sympasy, so I sal take de libearty of explanationing it to you as I go along. Of course dis is hritten for a beeg orchestra, so I can geeve only de teem and motifs on de piano. In ordair dat you sall bettair understand it, I sall ask dat no-one sall spick a vord or say a noise.

"It is a deseart, no, no, not de deseart dat you eat after de dinnare, but de deseart which it is what dere is sand effery where in de deseart, and in de centair of de deseart, dere is a most bootifull o-oa-oa-oasisis (oasis), and in de centair of de oasisis is a bootiful leetle brook dat h-ripple. (*goes to piano, arranges his coat tails, sits down, blows on his fingers, then wiggles them to make them flexible, glares down at the front row, as tho some one was annoying him.*) Now lissen close, an' you sall hear de brook h-ripple

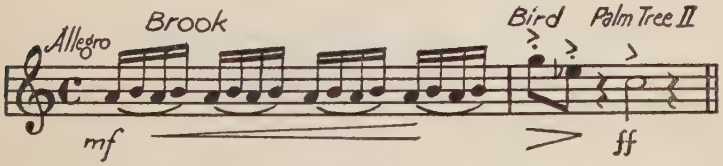


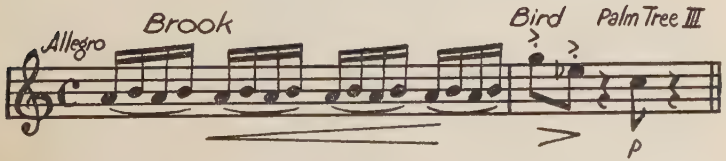
So, so bootiful de brook h-ripple. At de same time de brook h-ripple, dere is a leetle bird dat seeng. Oh charmant! dis bird seeng, entransment, he seeng, seeng! SEENG!—ah—seeng (*during this he clasps his hand, rolls his eyes, as tho in a perfect frenzy of ecstacy*) so, like deese

Cuckoo! cuckoo! (*imitates the song of the cuckoo, then turns to the audience with a look of ecstatic inquiry on his face*) Is it not bootiful?

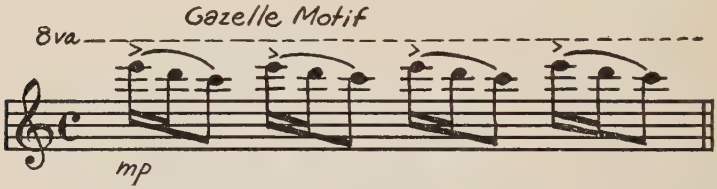
"Dees leetle bird is seenging on one of t'ree bootiful pal-palal-palalam trees,—I do not spick de Englis langige so ver' well,—and dese t'ree palalam trees are what is call de teme of de whole composeesion, all de way tru you sall hear de t're palalam tree keep appear, so, first de brook, den de bird, den de first palalam tree, like deese,—

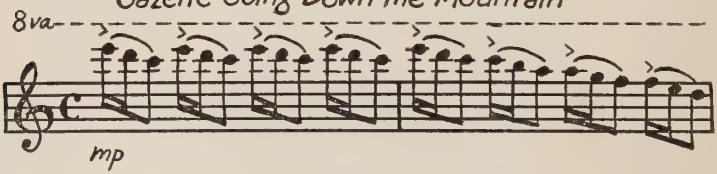


de de seconde palalam tree,—

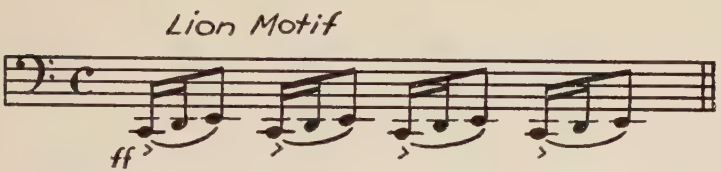


den de sird palalam tree.

You vill notice de sird palalam tree is not quite so large as ze ozzer two.

"Ve haf come to de first movement, allegro vivace, on de top of de mountain dere is a bootiful leetle gayzelle, de gayzelle motif

and dese leetle gayzelle says to himself, 'Oh dear, I am so t'irsty vot it is dat I sall do to get me somet'ing to drink?' Ha, ha! he look down de mountain, and dere he see de leetle brook. He say to heemself, 'I sall skeep lightly down de mountain, 'til I come to de leetle brook, an' dere I sall quinch my t'irst.' So skeep lightly down de mountain. T'ree skeeps at a skeep, he skeeps, he laugh, he does not care, so, like deese,—



'til he come to de leetle brook (*brook motif*) while de leetle bird is sing (*bird motif*) on one of de t'ree palalam trees. (*repeat brook, bird, and palm tree, as at beginning*) Ha ha! de scene has change. At de foot of de mountain dere is a most awfull lion, de lion motif,—



Deese lion he says to heemself, 'My, *my,* I am hoongery! For t'ree veeks I haf not tasted foot! If I sall go t'ree veeks longair I sall be seek! (*places hands on stomach*) What sall I do to save myself from starvasion?' He look ope de mountain, and dere he see de leetle gayzelle. He say, 'My goodness! Mr. Gayzelle, you are my meat! I sall snick softly ope de mountain 'til I come to de leetle gayzelle, an' when he is not looking, I sall zhump on hees nick an' eat heem.' So he come ope de mountain. (*lion motif*) so—so—so—so (*at each so,—strike every other note going up the scale, slow—and mysteriously, showing great excitement*) He comes to de first palalam tree. (*brook, bird, and first palm tree motifs*) Hes come closer—closer—closer—closer (*getting more excited*) hes come to de seconde palalam tree. (*brook, bird, and second palm tree*) hes come closer—closer—closer, will he catch de gayzelle (*still going up the scale, slowly, and very dramatically*) Will he catch de gayzelle?—*will he catch de gayzelle?* (*dramatic pause, hands uplifted, and face showing intense excitement*) NO! NO! De gayzelle sees de lion, an' go skeeping ope de mountain, like deese.(*reverse the down the mountain motif and go up the scale*) Plis, (*in an exhausted manner, with his hand on his heart*) Plis. (*please*) I do not play deese so ver' often. Some time, after I play heem, I do not sleep for two week. Of course de leetle gayzelle is save, but de poor lion, he does

not get somet'ing to eat, so after t'ree veeks he lie down beside de leetle brook, an' den, (*sorrowfully*) den, he dies, *dies* of starvasion behind de t'ree bootiful palalam trees. (*repeat the brook, bird, and palm tree motifs, only very slowly, to show the tragic end of the symphony, but strike the last palm tree as loud as the others*) You vill notice dat in de t're veeks de sird palalam tree has grown de same size as de ozzer two. I sank you."

"THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOREVER"

* * * * *

(My arrangement of this reading differs from the usual cutting, in that I had the well grounded idea that few of the present generation read Dickens, therefore it would be of little use to give the sketch unless the audience knew what it was all about. Experience proved that my idea was right. I, therefore, tried to make the atmosphere as interesting as possible. It is my opinion that most cuttings of this story omit some of the important dramatic passages,—such as the church steps scene. In my imagination I could see the blood-thirsty citizen yelling for vengeance on the aristocrats, but it would have been of little value, unless the audience knew who the "Sheep" was; and again in the passage "Aye! louder Vengeance, much louder;" I could feel the chill of pointing down to Hell, but it would not have gained a thrill unless the hearers knew the fate of Madam Defarge.

I can offer few suggestions to the reader, except to give my own method: I never move my feet during the reading; I only raise my voice once above the conversational level, when the citizen screams "Down Evremonde!" The only gestures are when the citizen yells for vengeance and at the word "Crash!" I bring my hand down swiftly to illustrate the fall of the knife; raise it slowly to illustrate holding aloft of the head, as the executioner is described to have done. The quietness and simplicity of the reader is what makes for the effectiveness of this number.)

An arrangement for the platform of the chapter

so entitled, in Charles Dickens' novel: "The Tale of Two Cities."

I tell a tale of rapine, murder, and cruelty that is unparalleled in the annals of great crimes. I refer to that period of French History, known afterward as the "Reign of Terror,"—the French Revolution. Tales have been told, songs have been sung, and historians have written of this terrible epoch, but it remains for fiction, I think, to bring before our mind's eye, in all its stark realism, the horrible condition of "La Belle France" during that period. I refer to Charles Dickens' gruesome novel: "The Tale of Two Cities."

Perhaps a great many of you have forgotten your Dickens, so I am going to give you a concise synopsis of the preceding incidents that lead up to the chapter entitled: "The Footsteps Die Out Forever." A description of the death-ride to, and the execution upon the Guillotine of Sydney Carton, and the Little Seamstress.

Charles Evremonde, the last of that old, illustrious French name, has through a great pity and compassion for his own peasant serfs, given them their freedom, renounced his name, discarded his inheritance, and become an exile from France to England, where he has fallen in love with, and married a compatriot: Lucy, the daughter of Dr. Mannette. On the breaking out of the French Revolution, he receives word that his presence is necessary in Paris, in order that his testimony may free an innocent victim of the blood-mad French People; he repairs there immediately, followed by his family, and a few of his friends, among whom is Sydney Carton. Dickens has, up to this time, given us no

true insight into Carton's real character; we only know him as a drunken sot, and a ne'er-do-well, whom Lucy has befriended on account of the strong physical resemblance he bears to her own husband. In return for this unaccustomed friendship, he lavishes on her an affection, dog-like in its fidelity.

No sooner has Evremonde set foot on French soil than he is arrested, thrown into the prison of La Force, and condemned to execution upon the Guillotine, for being an aristocrat. The accusation,—for they still hold to a form of accusation, public trial, and *always* condemnation,—comes through one Madam Defarge, the wife of the wine shop keeper, and the leader of the revolution. It is in this character of Madame Defarge that Dickens has given us the spirit of the times. She is absolutely without pity or compassion in her make-up. She lives only for revenge on the aristocrats for some fancied wrongs they have perpetrated on her family.

It is on the morning of the day of the execution of Evremonde that we gain our first insight of Carton's true character. Carton, through his great, pure, and noble love for Lucy, determines to make of himself a vicarious sacrifice. He gains access to the cell of the condemned man, bearing with him a bottle of drugged wine. He prevails upon the condemned man to drink of the wine, and no sooner has the sleeping potion taken effect, than he hastily exchanges clothes with him. He is aided in his plot by a pretended prisoner who is really a spy over whom Carton has obtained control. The spy, or "sheep," as he is called in the slang of the time,—bears the real Evremonde to liberty and his waiting family,

while Carton sits calmly down to await the summons to the Guillotine.

It is on the morning of the day of the execution, and the condemned, some fifty-three of them, are gathered together in one large cell, awaiting the summons to the tumbrils or death carts that are to carry them to the place of execution. Each is so intent on his own misery that he fails to notice the deception, when the turnkey clangs open the iron door, and in the voice of a flunky announcing an honored guest, shouts "Citizen Evremonde!" A thin, pale, young girl whom the real Evremonde has befriended during their long imprisonment, starts forward to greet her only friend; the eye of love instantly notes the deception and divines the situation. "You are going to die for him?" she says, "For his wife and family?" She realizes the wonderful abnegation of the man, and asks as a last request, that she may be allowed to hold his hand on the way to the execution, thinking that mere personal contact with such bravery will give her strength to bear her own sad fate with more fortitude.

While this is taking place, Madame Defarge determines to bring accusation against the wife and child of Evremonde. She stops at their apartment, which is on the way to the place of execution, to gloat over her intended victims. As she ascends the stairs, the evidences of the hasty flight of the family are apparent; she pushes hurriedly into the apartment only to be confronted by the majestic form of Miss Pross, a friend of the family, who has remained behind to settle up their affairs. Madame Defarge demands that she be allowed to search the

rooms. Miss Pross refuses and a struggle takes place, during which Madame Defarge attempts to draw a pistol. During the struggle, it is accidentally discharged and the human tigress falls dead to the floor. Miss Pross shudderingly steps over the dead woman, and follows after the fleeing family. This brings us up to the last chapter: "The Footsteps Die Out Forever."

Along the Paris streets the death cart rumbles, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry "the day's wine" to La Guillotine. As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast that car, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know, "Which is Evremonde?" The supposed Evremonde stands at the rear of the cart with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no thought or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honorè, cries are raised against him. If he heeds them at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming up of the tumbrils, stands the prison spy or "sheep." He looks into the first cart: not there! He looks into the second: not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" When his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evremonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down Evremonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down Evremonde!"

"Hush, hush!"

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to cry, "Down Evremonde!" the face of Carton is for a moment turned toward him. He sees the spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and that, crumble in and close behind the last plough, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a place of public diversion, are a number of women, with knitting in their hands; *and for every stitch an aristocrat's head.* On one of the foremost chairs, stands Madame Defarge's able lieutenant, the Baker's Wife,—a woman almost as blood-thirty as Madame Defarge, herself. She has been nicknamed, —"The Vengeance", and is looking about for her absent friend, and calls for her in a shrill voice.

"Therese! Who has seen her? Therese Defarge!"

"She never missed before," says a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

"No; nor will she miss now. Therese!!!"

"Louder." says the sister.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thee. Louder still, Vengeance, with a little oath added here and there, and yet it will hardly bring her. Send other knitting women up and down to search for her, lingering somewhere; and, yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is doubtful whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her.

As the Vengeance resumes her seat, the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash! A head is held up, and the knitting women who scarcely paused to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count ONE.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash! And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count TWO.

The supposed Evremonde descends and the little seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed today; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we

might have hope and comfort here today. I think Heaven has sent you to me."

"Or you to me. There there! Keep your eyes on mine and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if only they are rapid."

"They will be rapid enough. Fear not."

The two stand together in the fast thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, in all else so wide and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I and lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Poverty parted us, and she knows nothing of my fate for I cannot write and if I could, how should I tell her? It is better as it is?"

"Yes little one, better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now as I look into your brave kind face that gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all else to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to grow old."

"What then, little sister?"

"Do you think it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in that better land where I trust both you and I shall be most mercifully sheltered?"

"It cannot be, my child; thank God! There is no time there, and there is no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant. Is the time come? Am I to kiss you now?"

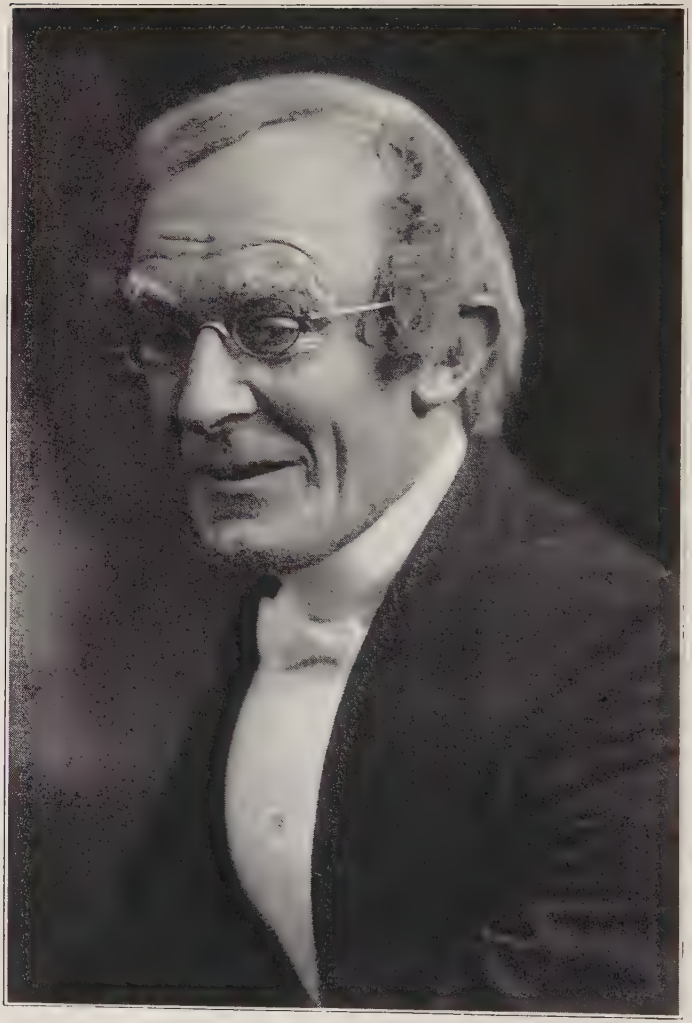
"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; solemnly they bless each other. The spare little hand does not tremble as he releases it; there is nothing worse than a sweet bright constancy in the patient little face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count TWENTY-ONE.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many foot-steps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. TWENTY-TWO.

"It is Finished!"



Elias Day
as
Herr Weidenfeldt

HERR WEIDENFELDT'S TOAST "TO THE LADIES."

Seated next to me at the speaker's table, was a fine looking old German. His hair, snow white, was roached straight back from his high forehead; his drooping white moustache covered a sensitive mouth; and kindly eyes were hidden behind a pair of thick nose glasses. I tried to get into conversation with the old gentleman, but he was so evidently nervous that I recognized the symptoms as a bad attack of stage fright. He had a speech in his system and would not be at ease until he got it out.

At last the toast-master arose and in that "happy" manner affected by many of his ilk, said:

"And, now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I rise to perform my most pleasant duty of the evening. I give the toast: 'To the Ladies.' God bless them,—the author of all of our joys and most of our sorrows. The response by Herr John Weidenfeldt, of your own city." The old German next to me arose and in a frightened way began to speak:

"Mister Toast-mister und Ladies and Chentlemen: Whan your comity asked me to response to de toast 'To de ladies,' I taut and I am still thinking, dot dey madt a mistook. I dont tink dot de toast shouldt haf been madt to de ladies, but to our mudders,—for de reason yet vy, because? To most of us our mudders stood for all dot is greatest, all dot is bestest in voomanhood, aint it?—It is! Our mudders are what might be called de 'Uniwersal Sympatizers?' Dey are de vuns dot ve allways go to for sympaty in all de sorrows und all de choys of life, didn't ve?—We didt!

"I tink dot de first great sorrow dot ve got to got sympaty for is ven ve vos aboudt so big (*illustrates*). Dot vos yust aboudt de time dot your folks taut dot you ought to take off de dresses dot you had been voreing und dey put you into de first pair of long pants. Are you effer going to forget dot first pair of pants? Vot a great big boy you taut you vos, ven you valked along de strasse mit dose new pants on. You taut effery body dot vos looking at each udder und saying, 'Oh, look at dot great big boy mit de new pair of pants.' Effery body, but de little fellow dot lives next door to vere you do. He's older dan you but he knows oxectly how you feel, und mit dot meanness of childhood, he shooks his finger's at you, like dis, (*illustrates*) und sings, 'Oh, look at the little girl all dressed up mit de boys closses on!' My! how madt you got! You got so madt dot you tried, as my boy says, you tried to 'smish him;' but you didn't did it,—I mean you didn't dood it, he smished you! Und ven you got home,—crying like your poor little heart vood break, mit dose new pants all torn und dusty und a great big blue und yellow eye stucking out on you,—I vant to ask you, who it vos dot took you on dere kenee und so chently, so tenderly, so lofingly,—dusted off de new pants;—mit de back of a hair brush oder de sole of a slipper? Vos dot your fadder? No, dot vos de dear mudder! God bless her!

"Und den in de choy like it vos in de sorrow, de mudder vos de vun. I tink de first choy dot you tink you got to got sympaty for, is ven you felled in lofe for de first time. My, my! Vosn't dot great—faders und mudders, de first time your boy comes home from school und vashes de back of his handts

und de back of his ears und de back of his keneck mitoudt your tolding him to? You know vot is de matter! Vell it yust seems dot if you couldn't told some vun vot a great girl you got, you vould svell up und bust. Who did you go und told,—your fadder? No, you told your mudder und in de little choy like in de little sorrow, she sympatizes mit you. She don't laugh at you,—except ven you ain't looking!

"Ladies und chentlemen, dot is de vay it is all troo your life until you grow up und den it seems dot dere is something comes down between de boy und his mudder. I tink de first time de mudder realizes it is ven you got married; you are so happy dot you forgotten all about de poor old mudder whoes heart is almost broken at de taut dot now dere is anonder voowman to share your choys und sorrows. But how happy you are, my, how happy,—for a little vile! No, I didn't ought to said dot,—dot's yust vun of my little chokes! Yes, you forget, but after a vile you remember. Friends, I don't know vedder any of you haf effer suffered vot I haf. I hope not! I hope it vill be a great many years before you do, but it has to come to all of us at some time. A short time ago I lost my little gir—girl. (*he almost breaks down*) I don't suppose dot I ought to got talking dis vay at a bankvet, but I haf got a object. Friends, do you know dot ven a great trouble like dot comes to you, you don't vant sympaty, you don't vant your friends to take you by de handt und told you how sorry dey are. Oh, dey mean all right, but dey don't know. Dot is a trouble dot you half to bear all by yourself. Vall, you got avay from effery body. You are so lonely, so miserable; de sun does not shine for you; dere is no choy laft in life; you

only vish dot you could follow soon after. Und den, dere is a dear old arm comes stealing aroundt your keneck, und dere is a dear old wrinkeled cheek pressed up against yours und a dear old woice vispers in your ear de only vords of comfort dot has come to you: "Yon, my dear boy, please don't look like dot, you make me feel so badt. Oh, my dear boy, I vish I could bear your troubles for you like I could ven you vos a little fellow!" (*he breaks down, takes his handkerchief from his pocket, takes his glasses from his nose, wipes them, replaces them, then with an embarrassed little laugh goes on.*) I suppose I'm an old fool to got talking dis vay, but friends, who vos dot,—your vater? No, dot vos nobody in de whole vorld but de dear old mudder!

"Now did you tink I vos going to stand up here und say, 'Here's to de ladies'? Vy dot don't mean any ting any more, effery body's a lady nowadays und de shorter de skirt und hair de more of a lady dey are. Somebody said, 'Look at the head und you'll swear it's a man but ven you start from the ground going up, you know it ain't!'

"Goldschmidt de poet wrote a toast to the ladies vunce. I read it und liked it so vell dot I wrote anonder werse to it. He wrote:

'Here's to to the maiden of sweet sixteen
Und here's to the widow of fifty
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen
Und here's to the house-wife that's thrifty.'

"Und here's mine:

'Here's to the wife dot I'll live wit for life;
She knows I'd exchange for no udder,
But here's to de vooman, de best of dem all;
I drink de health to de mudder.'

"I tank you ladies und chentlemen."

027-ABA-655